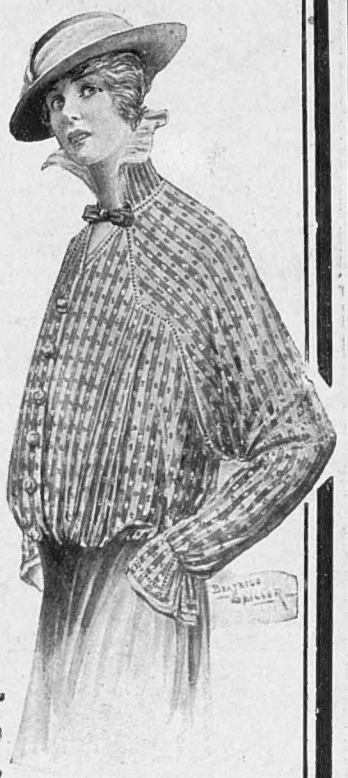
This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

DAINTY AND INEXPENSIVE SPRING BLOUSES



Practical, smart and becoming. Specially designed to meet the present demand for dainty but thoroughly useful Blouses at a popular price.

PRACTICAL SPRING BLOUSE
Made in extra fine quality printed French Crépon, in a variety of beautiful designs. New Collar of tucked muslin, finished with black ribbon.

15/9

Debenham & Freebody
Wigmore Street.
(Cavendish Square) London W

AQUASCUTUM
FIELD & TRENCH COATS

So many worthless imitations are being advertised that it is most essential that Officers, for their own protection, should read the GENUINE letters from those who have been in the Trenches, and have therefore proved the superior merits of the AQUASCUTUM over all other coats.

FROM THE TRENCHES:

"It stood the Winter in the Trenches simply splendidly. I know no better coat." Capt. P.

"I have nothing but praise for its wet and rain-resisting qualities." Col. N.

"I cannot speak too highly of my Aquascutum, as it has had many severe tests and has always proved to be absolutely waterproof." Lieut. N.

"Continuous wear in and out of the Trenches had naturally told on it a bit, but otherwise it is perfectly good. I can never wish for a better coat." Capt. B.

"I have used one out here for six months, and though it is now very shabby, it is still quite proof against any rain." Lt.-Col. L.

The Originals of the above letters can be seen by anyone interested.

AQUASCUTUM, LTD.,
Waterproof Coat Specialists for over 50 years.
By Appointment to His Majesty the King.
100, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.

The WINTER MONTHS

are those which show the worth of the tyres.

Our winters produce every kind of road condition, and the tyres that will give satisfaction under any conditions of service are

NORTH BRITISH

CLINCHER

THE FIRST DETACHABLE PNEUMATIC TYRE

"ALL PLANTATION" RUBBER

MOTOR TYRES.

THE NORTH BRITISH RUBBER CO., LTD.,
169, Great Portland Street, LONDON, W.
Factories: Castle Mills, EDINBURGH.

IDEAL SHIRT
for
GOLFING, TENNIS
AND ALL SPORTS.

"SEXLEY" .. SHIRT ..

BRITISH PATENT 19553/13.

Can be obtained from high-class drapers everywhere from

17/9 to 29/11

The "Sexley" Shirt is the ideal garment for all ladies who engage in Golf, Tennis, or any other sport, as the new self-expanding sleeve gives perfect freedom to every movement of the arms and entirely eliminates the inconvenience caused by the shirt "rucking" at the waist or splitting across the back.

"Sexley" Shirts are made in various washing fabrics of exclusive design and must not be confused with ordinary factory-made articles, as each garment bears the individuality of the designer.

The Ladies' Field says:—
"Sexley shirts are ideal garments, perfect in cut and finish—The expanding underarm piece allows the wearer to use her arms with the utmost freedom and yet not to get in the least untidy at the waist."

The Tatler says:—
"The 'Sexley Shirt' is the shirt about which the world and his wife are talking."

"Sexley" Shirts can be obtained from high-class drapers everywhere. If any difficulty is experienced in procuring them a card to the manufacturers will ensure address of nearest retailer by return of post.

Sole Manufacturers and Patentees—

BLEWETT & CO.,
2, Woodstock Street, Oxford Street, LONDON, W.

THE "QUORN"
ACTIVE SERVICE COAT
for Trench, Camp and Saddle.

Every detail for comfort, convenience, and necessity has been carefully studied, and is embodied in this Active Service Coat.

SOME OF ITS MOST STRIKING FEATURES.

Absolutely waterproof and invulnerable to the heaviest rains.

Extremely light, weighing only a few pounds. Capacious concertina pockets at sides. Saddle gusset and straps to insides of coat for riding. Fronts of coat adjustable for marching. Wind-cuff straps to sleeves.

Detachable warm fleece lining, which can be used separately as a dressing gown or as a soft, warm covering at night.

One of the many striking Testimonials received from Officers at the Front.

6th D.C.L.I., B.E.F.

Dear Sirs,—I have had one of your fleece-lined Trench coats now for the last three months. I have found it excellent in all weathers. I have had to stand for hours at a stretch in pouring rain and have come through it perfectly dry. A good trench coat is absolutely essential out here, and it was after much consideration that I chose yours out of the many that are advertised now, and I have had no reason to regret my choice. Yours truly ——

Messrs. TURNBULL and ASSER.

Price { Without Detachable Lining - - - **£4 4 0** / With Finest Soft Camel Fleece detachable lining to body and sleeves **£6 10 0** } Post free U.K. 8d. extra. Abroad, 1/4 extra.

TURNBULL & ASSER (Sporting and Military Outfitters)

71-72, JERMYN STREET, LONDON, S.W.

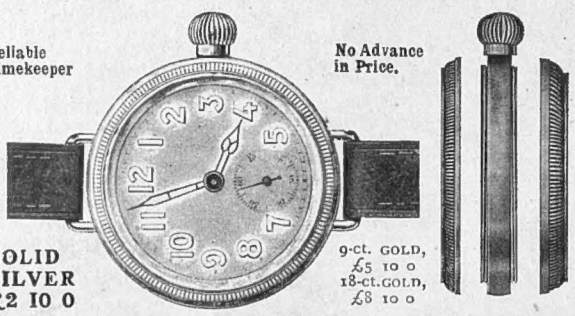
Telegrams: "Paddywhack, London." *Telephone: 4628 Gerrard.*

Wilson & Gill

139, REGENT ST., LONDON, W.

Reliable Timekeeper

No Advance in Price.



SOLID SILVER £2 10 0

9-ct. GOLD, £5 10 0

18-ct. GOLD, £8 10 0

WILSON & GILL'S FAMED "*CAMPAIGN*" WRISTLET WATCH.

Luminous Figures and Hands.

Section showing Damp and Dust-proof Front and Back Unscrewed.

Distinctive Styles in

SPORTS COATS

JAYS LTD. are showing a large stock of Knitted Silk and Wool Coats in the latest fashionable shapes and shades suitable for Sports and indoor and outdoor wear. There is a marked demand for Wool Coats for indoor wear similar to the garment illustrated, which are stocked in wide range of colours.

Jays ltd
REGENT STREET W.

The elegant garment illustrated is knitted from fine quality pure Indian Cashmere Yarn and is stocked in a large range of smart colours PRICE **52/6**

Illustrated Catalogue post free on request.

WOOL HOSE FOR GOLF OR SHOOTING.

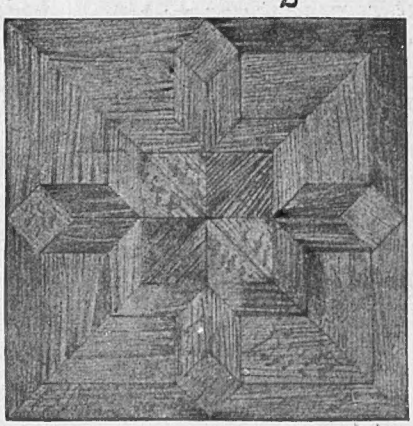
The fashion for short, wide skirts necessitates the wearing of smart Hosiery. Jays' are now offering the latest thing in Heavy Wool Hose in mixed checks for Golf or Shooting per pr. **8/6**

BY ROYAL APPOINTMENT.

HOWARD & SONS LD.

Easy Chairs and Furniture, Decorations, etc.

INDIAN TEAK PARQUET FOR FLOORS.



Best Indian Teak and Austrian Oak Parquet of own make, and guaranteed first quality materials and workmanship.

A large selection of EASY CHAIRS can be inspected at Howard & Sons' Showrooms, or a SPECIAL ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE will be sent on application.

25, 26 & 27, BERNERS ST., W.

The Bystander, March 1, 1916.—No. 639. Vol. XLIX

The BYSTANDER

MARCH!

ENTERTAINMENTS.

EMPIRE. "FOLLOW THE CROWD."
ETHEL LEVEY, ROBERT HALE, JOSEPH COYNE, Fay Compton, Blanche Tomlin, Violet Englefield, Tom Walls, Roy Royston, Larry Ceballos, Charles Stone

COLISEUM. At 2.30 and 8 p.m.
HALL CAINE'S New Play, "THE IRON HAND," VIOLET VANBRUGH, VESTA TILLEY, LEE WHITE & JACK MORRISON, MABEL MANN, SAHARET, GROCK, etc. Gerrard 7541.

LONDON HIPPODROME. Twice daily, at 2.30 and 8.30 p.m.
"JOY-LAND!"
Entirely New Revue by ALBERT DE COURVILLE and WAL PINK. SHIRLEY KELLOGG, HARRY TATE, YETTA RIANZA, BERTRAM WALLIS, CHARLES BERKELEY, CHAS DE HAVEN, etc., and Super-Beauty Chorus.

PALLADIUM. ARGYLL STREET, W.
Managing Director, MR. CHARLES GULLIVER.
Always the best Variety Entertainment in London.
Three Performances Daily.
2.30 6.10 9.0
Programme—
REVUE, "THE PASSING SHOW," including ELLA RETFORD & FRED DUPREZ. Variety Artistes: VAN HOVEN, MAIDIE SCOTT, JAY LAURIER, THE NELSON TRIO.

ADELPHI, Strand. A New Musical Play. TINA.
Every Evening, at 8. Matinees, Weds. and Sats. at 2.
GODFREY TEARLE—PHYLLIS DARE—W. H. BERRY.
Box Office, 10 to 10. Tels. 2645 and 8885 Gerrard.

DALY'S. The George Edwardes Production. "BETTY."
(341st Time) EVENINGS, at 8. MATINÉES, WED., THURS., SATS., at 2.
Winifred Barnes, Gabrielle Ray, Lauri de Frece, Donald Calthrop, C. M. Lowne, and G. P. HUNTLEY. Box Office 10 to 10. Telephone, Gerrard 201.

ST. JAMES'S. "THE BASKER."
A New Comedy by CLIFFORD MILLS.
Matinée, Every Day, at 2.30, and Saturday Evenings only, at 8.15.
GEORGE ALEXANDER and GENEVIEVE WARD.

THE CANCER HOSPITAL (Free)
(Incorporated under Royal Charter.)
FOUNDED 1851.
FULHAM ROAD, LONDON, S.W.
The only special Hospital in London for the treatment of CANCER, Tumours and Allied Diseases. No "LETTERS" required.
Contributions needed for general purposes, for the Research Institute, and for the Radium and Electrical Department.
Bankers—Messrs. COUTTS & Co., 440, Strand. *Sec.*—FRED. W. HOWELL.

P & O and British India
Mail and Passenger Services.
Frequent and Regular Sailings from LONDON, MARSEILLES, etc.
Tickets Interchangeable.
MEDITERRANEAN, EGYPT, INDIA, BURMA, STRAITS, CHINA, JAPAN, AUSTRALASIA, MAURITIUS, EAST and SOUTH AFRICA.
Australian Tickets of P & O and Oriental Lines are also interchangeable.
For particulars of PENINSULAR AND ORIENTAL SAILINGS apply at the P & O Offices, 122, Leadenhall St., E.C., or Northumberland Avenue, W.C., LONDON.
For particulars of BRITISH INDIA SAILINGS apply GRAY, DAWES & Co., 23, Great Winchester Street, E.C.; P & O West End Office, 17, Northumberland Avenue, W.C.; or GELLATLEY, HANKEY & Co., Dock House, Billiter Street, E.C.

P & O Round-the-World Tours.
Handbook on Application.

THE CHURCH ARMY WAR FUND
SUPPORTS
AMBULANCE CARS at the Front.
RECREATION HUTS in British Camps at home and abroad.
RECREATION ROOMS for Sailors' and Soldiers' Wives in Garrison Towns.
WAR HOSPITAL in North France for Allied Wounded.
SEVERAL OTHER BRANCHES of War Work.
PLEASE CONTRIBUTE.
Cheques crossed "Barclays', a/c Church Army," payable to Prebendary Carlile, Hon. Chief Secretary, Bryanston St., Marble Arch, London, W.

POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow: To any part of the United Kingdom, 1*d.* per copy. Canada, under 1½lb. 1½*d.* To any other part of the world the weight would be ½*d.* FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to WEIGH and STAMP correctly all Copies so forwarded.

The Most Humorous Pictures of the War
are those of Captain Bruce Bairnsfather, "The Bystander's" Artist at the Front.

REPRODUCTIONS IN COLOUR
of the above pictures, suitable for framing.
Now Ready. Price 1/- each.
Post Free 1/3

1.—**No Possible Doubt Whatever.**
2.—**I'm sure they'll hear this thing squeaking.**
3.—**A Maxim Maxim.**
4.—**The Professional Instinct Again.**
5.—**That Evening Star-Shell.**
6.—**Where did that one go?**

For those who wish for a permanent record of Captain Bruce Bairnsfather's drawings, THE BYSTANDER has issued the first portion under the title of
'FRAGMENTS *from* FRANCE'
48 Pages. Price 1/- nett.
Post Free 1/3

1st, 2nd and 3rd Editions Absolutely Sold Out.
4th and 5th Editions now in the Press.

APPLY, THE PUBLISHER, "THE BYSTANDER" TALLIS HOUSE, LONDON, E.C.,
OR "THE GRAPHIC" GALLERY, 190, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

BYSTANDER WAR COMMENTS

Tribunal Butter

Of all the pitiable spectacles the Government has presented for home, neutral, and enemy entertainment, its handling of compulsory military service is the most lamentable. Moral coercion of the most open and shameless kind was relied upon till the last possible moment. Then the timid little measure of compulsion was trotted out and buttered for political consumption with copious promises concerning conscientious objectors, widows' sons, essential industries, and all the rest of it—all dished up in one lovely pat of butter called Tribunals. The Tribunals were going to be all things to all men. There would be no hardships, no unfairness—trust in the Tribunals; all would be well.

The New Voluntaryism

The Tribunals have come. Behold the result. The Government is simply getting the men once again by moral coercion. Every detail and every private fact and characteristic of every applicant (if "funny" enough) is blazoned forth with appropriate headlines in the Press. To appeal requires the hide of a rhinoceros and the courage of a Daniel. Those short of these qualities are staying away and abandoning all thought of appealing. Quite right that they should, you say. I agree. What I am protesting against is the Government getting men by this sort of compulsion and calling it voluntaryism.

Our Wonderful Press

Doubtless every nation gets the Press it deserves. We must have done something pretty dreadful to get the fearful and wonderful thing that ours is. Note its most recent feat of gymnastics. A little while ago it was howling and moaning for a smaller Cabinet. The Cabinet responds by taking another member unto itself—Minister of Blockade—and the Press bursts its leader columns with shouts of congratulation and delight!

The Right Thing in the Wrong Way

The Cabinet, also, is no less fearful and wonderful in its little ways than the Press. Its appointment of a Minister of Blockade is a sublime example of doing the right thing in the wrong way. The whole outcry against the Government's conduct of the naval blockade has been directed against the Foreign Office as being at the root of the mismanagement and responsible for all the blundering. So the Government appoints a special Minister to look after the business and takes him from—the Foreign Office!

Let 'Em All Come

An Air Minister will be the next. Cabinet meetings will have to be held in Hyde Park in order to accommodate all the Ministers before we are through. Lord Derby is at present appointed to the head of a committee in control of both the Army and Navy Flying Corps. Just as we are getting accustomed to that the howl will go up that he has no power, and that his position must be raised to Cabinet rank. And it will be so: just remember what your Bystander said when it comes to pass.

The Right Air Policy

There is plenty for Lord Derby to do with the Air Forces meanwhile. Let us hope he will begin by silencing the Air Scare Press. It can be done without administering any public rebuke. Merely by setting a-foot the right air policy. The right air policy is the same as the right naval policy—that our frontiers are the enemies' shores. The wrong air policy is the same as the wrong naval policy or the wrong military policy—that the forces concerned are

(*Continued on page 370*)

Madder Than Ever

THE MARCH HARE OF 1916

(*March 1 is the date on which Germany's new submarine policy is to come into operation*)

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (concluded from page 369)

for home defence. Our air policy is not to keep a floating patrol hovering like a vast cloud over these islands so that not an inch of England shall suffer from raiders: it is to keep a great cloud of aircraft perpetually hovering over the enemy. There is no danger of public funk keeping the navy from its proper functions by insisting on the fleet forming a protective circle around us end to end within sight of shore; but there is danger of public funk (which is to say, Press funk) nullifying the proper development of our air arm by insisting on protection from—from what? The million to one chance of being hit! Splendid heroes we stay-at-homes, aren't we?

⁂ ⁂

Those Japs!

I KNEW it would come. The Japanese have been seen in the Mediterranean—the Japanese Fleet this time. I forget how long ago it was that a large consignment of the Japanese Army was seen in France. Who is it that sees these things? The man who saw those Russians must have escaped. He has not been seeing much lately, not since he saw the oiling that enabled us to slip off the Gallipoli Peninsular so silently and smoothly.

⁂ ⁂

Caution!

IN the German account of the great assault on Verdun their losses were described as "normal." In view of the traditional Prussian contempt for the lives of its "cannon fodder," this seemingly innocent word would seem to confirm the French claim that the German losses on that occasion were "simply fabulous." The Germans also state that they consider this affair "very significant." But what the German taxpayer would probably like to know is whether it is very significant of victory or—the other thing.

⁂ ⁂

At Last

AND so the Volunteers are to have the long-sought-after "recognition" at last! Well, they've waited long enough for it and worked hard enough in all conscience. Discouraged in every possible way by the authorities, sneered at and ridiculed by the public, these men have stuck to their guns for the past eighteen months and achieved what they set out to do—made themselves efficient in a military sense against the day when they might be needed. And now, apparently, they *are* needed.

"Erzerum? Erzerum? Never heard of such a place"

Too Late?

IS it another case of "too late"? Let us hope not. But the fact remains that owing to the discouragement they have received, passive and active, their numbers have fallen away to a shadow of the original total, in spite of the strenuous efforts exerted by their officers to keep the men together. We hope, however, with Lord Desborough, that the recognition, belated though it be, will be the means of bringing back to the corps most of the members who were driven out by the repeated douches of official cold water. In any case, it is no little achievement to have gained their goal at last.

⁂ ⁂

The "Continental Sunday"

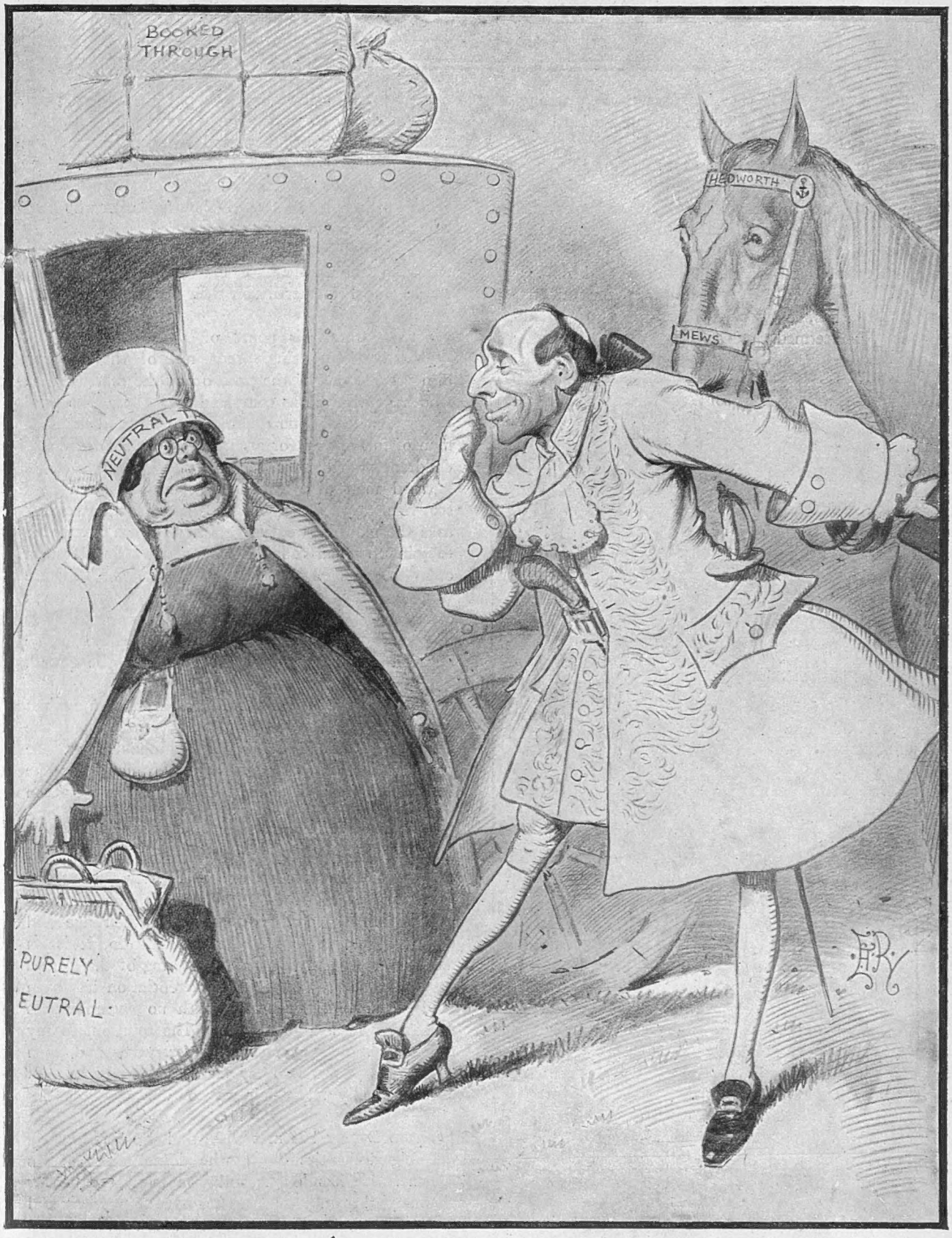
MUCH ink is being spilt about the opening of the cinema theatres on Sunday evenings. Now one of our Bishops has intervened with an appeal for the closing of such places of entertainment, as otherwise the next move will be the opening of the ordinary theatres on Sundays. As a matter of fact, in normal times, a good many of the theatres were open on Sunday nights. Instead of paying at the door, you bought your tickets in advance. In the capitals of our Allies theatres are usually open more than ever on Sunday evening; but for the moment, at least, we are not reproaching them for that.

⁂ ⁂

"Outdoor Relief"

THE point about cinema or other theatres is that they provide a little not unwholesome distraction for people who have a good deal to worry about just now. There are few homes in the kingdom that have not got at least one of their best and dearest out there in "the inferno with the lid off," and in mercy they should be given a chance of diverting their minds from the ever-present dread of the casualty-list. No doubt it would be better if they could let religious consolation suffice for their needs in this time of stress; but unhappily experience has shown that they cannot do so. And for the moment we are dealing solemnly and seriously with the Things that Are. Our pastors and masters need to take a more practical view of the present state of the national mind. This is not a question of ethics at all, but of the *mens sana*; and the Bishops can help best by charitable tolerance, and by their much-needed prayers for "all those who are any ways afflicted or distressed. . . ."

The Ballad of "Beau Blockade"



A NEW RÔLE FOR LORD ROBERT CECIL

An' of all the knights of the gentle trade
Nobody bolder than "Beau Brocade."
. . . . . .
Tried but a couple of miles away
By a well-dressed man! in the open day!
Tried successfully, never a doubt,
Pockets of passengers all turned out.
. . . . . .
Highwayman's manners, no less polite,
Hoped that their Copper(s) (returned) were right
Sorry to find the company poor.
Hoped next time they'd travel with more.

—Austin Dobson

How Now, Lord Derby?

THE CASE OF THE ATTESTED MARRIED MAN

THERE are signs of serious trouble among the married men who attested under Lord Derby's scheme. The now famous pledge has been more or less redeemed—I say more or less, because it now appears that the meshes of the net for hauling in the single men were so large that enormous numbers have slipped through on all sorts of pretexts. Indeed, some of the Tribunals have been so lenient in their exemptions that, as THE BYSTANDER said some weeks ago, the system of "Compulsory Voluntarism" of last year has, so to speak, given place to what might easily be termed "Voluntary Compulsionism."

LORD ROBERT CECIL

Who has been appointed Minister of Blockade. Coming, as he does, from the Foreign Office, which has been held responsible (by the Press) for the alleged slackness of the blockade, he ought to be able to put his finger upon its weak spots

NOW the authorities have put their foot down, and, in an endeavour to stop the enormous leakage, have issued new and stringent instructions to the Tribunals. On the face of it, this is a pretty bad outlook for the married men who have attested unless, of course, the cases of the single men who have been loosely exempted are to be tried again. If they are *not* tried again, then the new instructions will apply to the unfortunate married man, while the single crowd go merrily on their way.

* *

APART from this point of view, however, and leaving the single men out of the question altogether, what of the position of the married men who have attested as compared with those who have *not?* As things now stand, an attested married man of forty with, for argument's sake, half a dozen children, is liable for service, while the unattested married man of twenty-five without children goes scot-free. "Well, why did the man of forty attest?" asks the man of twenty-five, "if he wasn't prepared to join up when called upon? Didn't he attest in order to be called up when he was wanted?" Quite true—as far as it goes. But the older married man attested under the impression that it was the patriotic duty of *every* man to attest, and then to abide by the decision of the authorities as to who could be spared.

* *

WE are now threatened with a campaign against the married "slacker," and, to my mind, the threat is a just one. It is unthinkable that the patriotic married man should be penalised for the benefit of the married man who hadn't the patriotism to attest. The case is much stronger now that Compulsion has been applied to a section of the community.

* *

THE situation seems to point to a new Compulsion Act, or even Acts, applied to the different groups of married men according to their age and domestic responsibilities. At present, too, it is an astounding fact that in the numbering of the groups under the Derby scheme no differentiation has been made between married men with no encumbrances and those with large families. The solution, to my mind, is simple—*Compulsion for everyone*—and then for the War Courts to try each case on its merits. It is the only really fair way out.

* *

LORD DERBY has met with, and overcome, many big difficulties during the development of his scheme. He has fought and won many battles for the married men. His successes have been many and great. Let him add another to the list and take up the cudgels on behalf of the men who helped so considerably to make his undertaking successful, against those who failed to support him in his work. He is bound to win, for no sane argument can be brought against the suggestion of the same law for every man. Not only would he win such a case, but in doing so he would remove the only weak spot in a scheme that is otherwise faultless.

GROUP FORTY-ONE

"IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

A LETTER FROM "BLANCHE" TO A COUSIN IN THE COLONIES

LONDON, *February* 28, 1916

DEAR COUSIN—

WHATEVER happens about the war, there's no doubt about the bill, is there? We've got past the second thousand million, but no one seems to worry much—'cept, I suppose, the War Savings Committees. Certainly not the spenders, but, then, that's a truism, isn't it, that those who are handling other people's money are inclined to be astonishingly generous and free with it? Not so very long ago a fifty million vote of credit would have given us all fits—now it's getting on for five hundred, and nobody turns a hair.

❊ ❊

AND Parliament's talking itself silly about air policies, and committees — those expensive luxuries—increase and multiply, while the poor dear public that's only there to pay hasn't an idea where it stands, but is just mistily hoping that, anyway, K. of K. was, as someone put it, "misinformed" when he said we were building anti-aircraft guns now before any others for any of our fronts.

❊ ❊

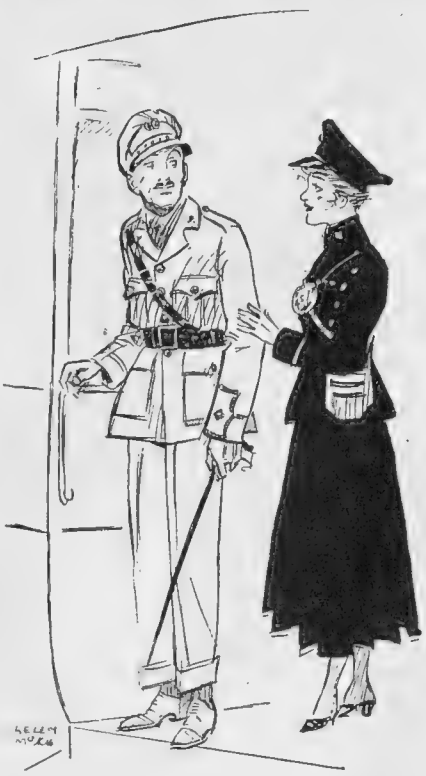
AND this is the week, you know, for the last of the bachelors to be called in, and now they'll be starting on the married men, I suppose. Then we really shall begin to see the difference that war makes—in numberless little middle-class homes a deadly loneliness and monotony will suddenly descend. Households where the event of the day used to be "father's" homecoming, and the week-ends were an orgy of back-gardening and going for walks.

❊ ❊

IT'S these women who'll really feel the pinch. No new and undreamt-of wealth for *them* in the Army pay and allowances. After a comfortable £4 or £5 a week, something well under two, with the same expenses as before, will mean a strain more than many of them can bear.

❊ ❊

YOU can't go out and do war-work, either, with a house to keep up and a lot of little twitterers clamouring all day for food and fun and frocks, and all the rest of it. Plenty of that going, though, work, I mean, especially now they want so many women on the land—I forget how many hundreds of thousands it is Lady Wolseley says are needed at once. And I even read a leader last week saying there'd be a lot more ginger in the way things are done if they made the Cabinet itself 50 per cent. women.



"It does seem quaint to be touched on the arm by quite a dear young thing in uniform"

❊ ❊

BUT I don't know about that, do you? There's been a lot of talk about too much chat in the Cabinet already, and, after all, if there *is* a war, woman hasn't entirely altered her nature. And there'd be other risks, too. Everyone knows Ministers, most of them, anyway, aren't women-haters, any more than, say, soldiers are, and—well, that sort of thing wouldn't help much, would it, though, to be sure, the woman who sits on committees and things isn't generally the gay philandering kind.

❊ ❊

THEY'RE to give them armlets, too, the aforesaid lady labourers on the land, and uniforms of sorts. I wonder who's going to have the job of designing the armlets, by the way. And will there be a new one every month to go with the new sleeves?

❊ ❊

"ENGLAND is a strange place to return to now on leave," as a certain M.O. writes me from the trenches, "with the ladies, bless 'em, doing everything. It does seem quaint to be touched on the arm

(*Continued on page 374*)

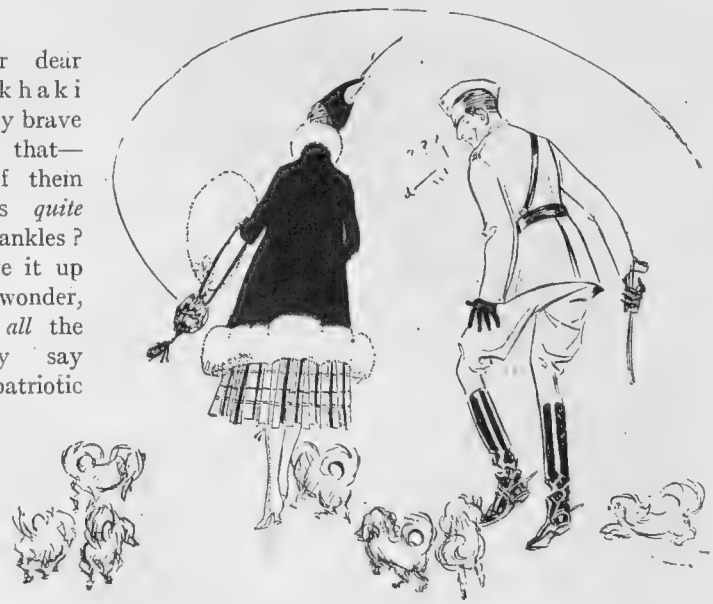
"Must some of them wear their puttees quite so thick round the ankles?"

"IN ENGLAND—NOW!" (continued from page 373)

by quite a dear young thing in uniform and forbidden to get off the tram before it stops. Of course, they've got more authority than a mere man. *Cela va sans dire!*

⁂ ⁂

"AND the other dear ladies in khaki uniform! So awfully brave of them and all that—but *must* some of them wear their puttees *quite* so thick round the ankles? Will they ever give it up after the war, I wonder, and will they do *all* the nice things they say they will, in the patriotic songs, when we come back? But it doesn't matter s'long as you write to me, Blanche."



"I can even bring the Pekinese—any number of them"

⁂ ⁂

WHICH is a good thing, isn't it? For it's a pretty sure thing they won't let themselves be hoven out by a mere man, even if he is in khaki, not if they want to keep the jobs. Though, of course, there'll still be a vast majority of us who really ever so much prefer the job woman was made for—having nice husbands and pretty babies and frocks.

⁂ ⁂

TALKING of nice men, there's a quite nice flying one in France, who says if I'll come to lunch when he's over on leave next, I can even bring the Pekinese—any number of them. Which I call accommodating and unselfish, don't you, considering what exacting things Pekes are? He and Helen between them have drawn what we shall look like on our way to the Carlton for our midday war-rations.

⁂ ⁂

BY the way, did you ever dream of anyone having a Peke in the trenches? There's one, anyway, so James tells me (of the R.F.A.). His name is Bunch, and he's five months old, and he takes too much for granted. A way Pekes have. And he has a pal called Peter, who's a fox-terrier, and comes up to the trenches everyday with the sub. who's doing forward observing, and goes back with the man who is relieved after spending the night there.

"If thou be'st not what thou art in fiction——"

⁂ ⁂

IT'S a friendly party up in that particular bit of trench. There's Hermione, too, the battery goat, "who has been wounded, and has just come back from her honeymoon, and is very full of life." She lives on newspapers and preserved dates, and almonds, and when they were shelled the other day Hermione was found in the mess quietly cleaning up an old *Times* and the last plate of almonds—which she eats shell and all. And "do write to me just once, and then I'll tell you all about our latest pet, Sophocles, the green tree frog." I should simply love to hear.

⁂ ⁂

MR. BALFOUR'S bonny men—I mean the dear, nice blue and gold things—tell me more about themselves. You know, the story-of-my-life sort of touch, 'specially when they write from the Mediterranean—spring comes earlier down that way! One angel child on board H.M.S. ——— wants me to ventilate a grievance—"Have you ever had breakfast in a naval mess and been on board for the first few hours of the cold forenoon? I know that's rather a queer way to begin, but I just want to point out what an extraordinary influence your writing must have to inspire me to attempt this letter at this hour of the day (9.30 a.m.)."

⁂ ⁂

WELL, no—er, I haven't, but—oh, I see, there's some more, and we haven't got to the grievance part yet either, have we? "Of course, I didn't mean you to think that I thought that you ever had stayed to supper and breakfast on board a man-of-war—alas! that sort of thing ain't allowed in H.M. Navy, but, anyway, I expect you're tired of hearing how the Navy and Army simply hang on your words week by week, so I'll leave it to others to say nice things about you, but talking about breakfast" (at last! Blanche) "the fact is if one isn't in by 8.30 one has to go without any!

⁂ ⁂

"I KNOW we don't have to do our hair, but you'll sympathise all the same, won't you? This morning, for instance, I was reduced to skipping my bath, and so as not to fall too low in the eyes of my servant, had to put the soap in to make it look dirty! And now I've got to go and see if the officer who dined ashore last night is up yet, but what I wanted to say is that it isn't the waste of soap I mind so much as the moral degradation of the deed!" I call that a bit right straight out of the great heart of the Navy and all that, don't you? And so awf'ly interestin', what? I'm 'specting to hear next whether it's Crème Simon or what they put on after shaving. . . .

(Continued on page 376

Brides of the Near Future

Photograph LADY JOAN STUART-WORTLEY [*Rita Martin*

Youngest daughter of the Earl and Countess of Wharncliffe, who is engaged to be married to Mr. T. G. A. Miles, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Audley Miles, of 24, Norfolk Square, Hyde Park, and nephew of Colonel Napier Miles, C.B.

Photograph *Sarony*

MISS GLADYS GORE

Eldest daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel and Lady Constance Gore, whose engagement is announced to Mr. Alfred Goodson (City of London Yeomanry), eldest son of Sir Alfred and Lady Goodson, of Peterley Manor, Great Missenden

Photograph *Vevonde*

LADY DOROTHY VIOLET BLIGH

Only daughter of the Earl and Countess of Darnley, who is to be married shortly to Lieutenant Daniel Spencer Peploe, of Underriver, Sevenoaks

"IN ENGLAND—NOW!" (concluded from page 374)

APROPOS of that patriotic song somebody mentioned, they do seem to be rather counting on some of the things it talks about—the men in khaki *and* the men in navy blue. "Although we shan't be particular who cheers, or even thanks us when we come back again," writes one poet from a ship with such a poetical name, "we shall undoubtedly expect the third promise to be made good by none other but thee, sweet Blanche." They *are* go-ahead, these sailors, aren't they?

"THOU," he goes on, "by thy rare feminine instinct, hast become the fair cheerer-up of hearts and purveyor of bright sunshine, wherewith our dull monotony is brightened. So, if thou be'st not what thou art in fiction, pray engage as comely a substitute as thy fictitious self to avoid disappointment to many, and especially to yours of the white and wavy arm lace. . . ." Incurably romantic, aren't they?

DO you know I'm feeling rather pleased. I'm adding *padres* to my Service correspondents, and, really, they write very much the same sort of things as other men—you know the sort of things I mean. A Canadian one has adopted me as a second-cousin straight-away, and, like the sailorman, *he* hasn't any doubts on the "problem" of Blanche's sex.

AND he tells me how keen everyone over there is, in the words of one of their patriotic songs, to—

"Let the whole world know
That Britain's foe
Is Canada's foe too.

But we knew about that already, didn't we?

APPEALS for recruits, he says, meet with a wonderful response. Canada requires her soldiers to be over eighteen and under forty-five, but—well, as many of them say, "When we were asked how old we were we weren't put on our oath." One man well up in the fifties couldn't bear to be out of it after his son had joined, and when he was cross-examined about his age he said, "Well, sir, you see it's like this. I can't rightly say how old I am. I was so young and so small when I was born, I don't remember anything about it." He passed.

Photograph *Val L'Estrange*

LADY CYNTHIA ASQUITH

Who is to take a prominent part in the entertainment organised by the Countess of Essex and Lady Alastair Innes-Kerr and entitled "A Vanity Fair," which is to be given at the Gaiety Theatre on Friday next in aid of the Waterloo Station free buffet for soldiers and sailors

ANOTHER of the *padres* sends me a copy of the Battalion Gazette, which he edits for a gallant battalion in the trenches, and for which many thanks. And I suppose it's a great compliment really, don't you think so, that the place of honour in it goes to someone who writes "After the letters of 'Blanche'"? But I don't seem quite to recognise the style, somehow. Seems rather *feminine*.

AND another nice Canadian—*not* a *padre*, though, not at all—they call him "The Bird" in the Western Cavalry, has sent me that priceless production, "A Christmas Garland from the Front," published by the 5th Battalion of the 1st Canadian Division. He says the "Editor-in-Command" would have sent it, but what with looking after Tempy. Tommies and Tempy. Lieuts. *and* a new (permanent) wife, he's too busy.

"THE Adjutant wanted to take up the Editor's good work—sort of carry-your-cross fellow, our Adjutant, you know, provided, of course, it's round-cornered and candied. No, *he* isn't married, but entirely his good management that he's not. A bold, bad young man with a reputation on the matrimonial highway that has Dick Turpin and the rest faded so far into the background you just wouldn't notice them for dust. He's just back from leave in London—with souvenirs. Yes, curly locks enough to stuff a chair and a perfumed hanky that we've packed carefully away in chloride of lime."

HE seems to be a bright bird, too, doesn't he? The only reason he didn't call on me, says the other one, was that "he knew if he did you'd be so busy writing letters to *him* that your letters to *us* would cease to be. Nice kind Christian boy. Couldn't see his way clear to rob us of our weekly ray of sunshine. The others are really dippy about you. We have you down as everything from 'the cutest thing that ever happened' to 'some big home head in the starred class.'" Dear things. Haven't had time to read the *Garland* properly yet, but I've seen in it a fine poem on "Joss," the poor heroic boy who fell at Festubert shouting "Canada."

With love, yours ever,

BLANCHE

The Smile Defiant

PRESIDENT POINCARÉ (Centre) WATCHING ENEMY AIR-SCOUTS PASSING OVER THE FRENCH LINES ON THE ALSACE-LORRAINE FRONT

With him are M. Dubois (on his left) and M. Deschanel. The smile on the President's face as he looks up at the raiders says more eloquently than words, "Never mind: Our turn will come one day." And it has already come. The Zeppelin L77 was brought down by French anti-aircraft guns and completely destroyed at Brabant-le-Roi, near Revigny, on the Front opposed to the Crown Prince's Army. The communiqué which officially recorded the fact also announced the bringing down of no less than seven German Aeroplanes

"They Never Will Be Missed"

II.—"THE MEET-THEM-HALFWAY BRIGADE"

BEFORE the war we made a creed of Compromise and exalted the shelving of responsibility into the highest of official arts. We were pervid whole-hoggers in our rhetoric, chiefly for the reason that we were pitiful half-measure men in practice. We took up superbly determined positions in speech and on paper, and instantly docked our resolves by half, the moment an adversary appeared. Both we and our opponents had dealt so freely in exaggeration that we were compelled to inflate facts with a swelling bladder of fiction in order to have the *real* thing preserved.

IN our anti-war politics this was the pre-eminent and the unfailing rule. And it has long been the rule. The opponents of Lord Shaftesbury's humane measures proclaimed that they would ruin our industries. The Miners' Eight Hours Bill of recent years was to do the same. The Repeal of the Corn Laws and the great Georgian Budget were to play simple hell with everyone. They did not, of course, do anything of the sort, and the men who insisted that they would believed least of all, perhaps, that they would. It was merely their tactical method. They deliberately and extravagantly overstated their case, so that they might pull up their opponents sharply to the point of compromise. That blessed word "compromise" is the very life-breath of the Politician.

NOW, quite suddenly, we have struck the hour of history, where compromise is unthinkable. But the politicians who are so tiresomely slow in accepting actualities may not realise it, and the enemy, who have so closely studied our national past, may not know it either. Both must accept the truth that it really is so. This war is not politics. It is not a battle of wits and phrases. It is life against life for an Ideal which is at once a national necessity—an Ideal which has been sanctified by the blood of hero hosts. There can be no sort of compromise in this war. It is, and must be, a war to an absolute finish.

COMPROMISE in war is a lunatic conception belying the facts. Tommy in the trench does not shoot to maim. He shoots to kill. Tommy in the charge does not bayonet to wound. He drives the steel right home. Brigades in the field are not brigades on the parade-ground. They are men who are risking life and limb, endangering themselves to wounds and agony to win, and win outright. If a war is so just and needful that it is right to kill anyone, that war should be carried right through. The men who have broken peace must not be allowed a chance of endangering it ever again.

THE "meet-them-halfway men" on the war are unspeakably more dangerous than they ever were in domestic politics. They merely back their views with phrases and somewhat doubtful beatitudes. The War Party—offer their lives. Surely Life is the utmost that any one can offer to prove his faith.

I AM not fighting—you, perhaps for the same reason of age, are not fighting either. It may seem unconscionably hard, and even outrageous, that we who are at home and safe should cry out "Fight on. Go on risking your lives. Go on enduring hardship; stay longer in that hell." But think—there is a call far stronger than ours. It is the unspoken plea of dead comrades. Did they lay down their splendid lives for compromise? Did *they* die so that the enemy might say, "We did not really mean it," and that we should make answer, "We did not mean it either"? Unless Sacrifice is to be drowned in a vat of cant the deaths of the dead must be the bugle-call to the living. And we, the stay-at-homes, can have no voice at all—until the dead have won their victory.

BUT they protest, the "meet-them-halfway" people, "we cannot blot out a whole nation. Even if we would we cannot annihilate the people of the German Empire." Well, what is it that we are determined to do? We are fighting a nation in arms for the reason that they are in arms against us. We shall continue to fight them until they lay down those arms in such a state of defeated helplessness *that it is certain* that they cannot endanger the world's peace again for long, long years to come. There can be no compromise there. Any weakness at the critical stage, any slackening of an offensive wherein ultimate mercy was only to be found in sheer mercilessness, would not merely be black treachery to our dead, but a betrayal of future generations.

BUT if there is to be no compromise on the field of wounds and death there must be no compromise at home as well. In the matter of munitions and blockade; in that of the internment of aliens; and of saving, there must be no kind of compromise. Surely it is time that John Bull squared his shoulders and proved that he means business. In the Houses of Parliament, in every Government and municipal office, in every pit and factory, in every office and home, the words "No Compromise" should be the rule of life and work. Let no one humbug himself any longer. We all know what we must do to help our lads to win. Let us set about the doing of it, and let us do it thoroughly and completely, and insist that everyone else does it too. Too many of us, also, are meeting the war half-way, yet we rush off to meetings and howl down those who do so openly. Such people are a public peril, and deserve the worst, but we too by our slackness are an Empire peril, and must make ourselves worthy of our fighting lads.

War !

—As it is for most of us

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

[*Captain Bairnsfather's sketches appear exclusively in "The Bystander" each week.*—ED.]

The Enemy in

AUSTRO-HUNGARIAN TROOPS MARCHING THROUGH AN UPLAND TOWN IN MONTENEGRO

SOLDIERS OF AN AUSTRO-HUNGARIAN SUPPLY COLUMN ASCENDING A MOUNTAIN PASS ON THE ITALIAN FRONT

We hear and read so much about Germans in high places everywhere that we think some credit should also be given to their less advertised allies of Austria-Hungary for the fact that they are also to be seen—sometimes in considerable

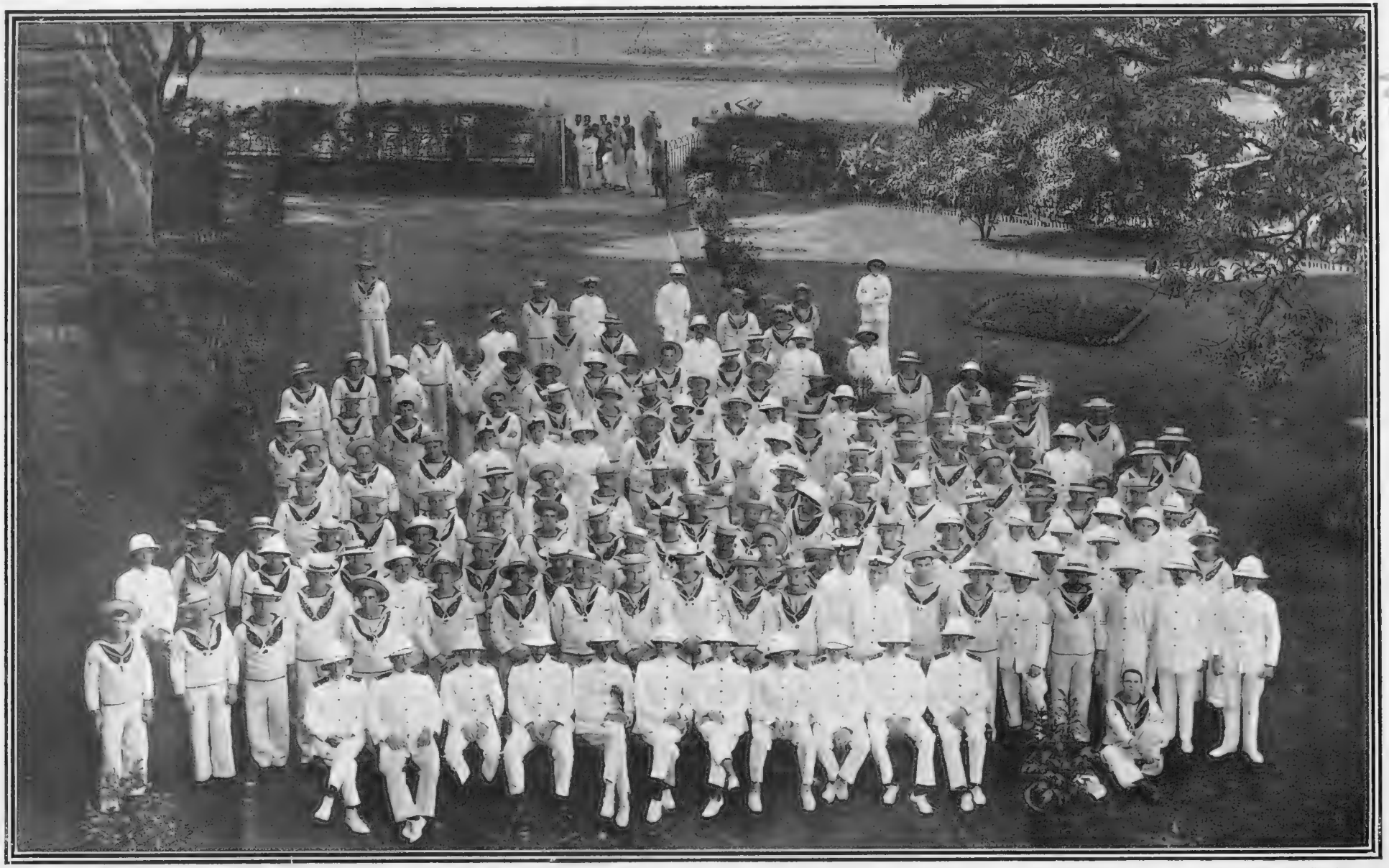
High Places

AN AUSTRIAN PATROL IN THE MOUNTAINS OF MONTENEGRO

AUSTRIANS ON THE ITALIAN FRONT FIRING FROM A MOUNTAIN TOP ON ITALIANS IN THE VALLEY BELOW

numbers—in high places, too. Above will be seen some of the high places in which their capabilities are being tested and from which our Allies are striving their hardest to oust them

"Anzac-on-Sea"



Photograph *Meyers, Bombay*

THE CREW, PHOTOGRAPHED SOMEWHERE ASHORE, OF H.M. NEW ZEALAND SHIP "PHILOMEL"

Great Britain has good reason to be as proud of the Navies of Greater Britain as she is of her own, for their work is thoroughly in keeping with the splendid traditions of the British Navy. It was a Colonial battleship, H.M.A.S. "Sydney," it will be remembered, which dealt the knock-out blow to the "Emden"

The Bystander in Paris

ONE OF THE HORRORS OF WAR

HE was using most unparliamentary language. I asked him where the bullet was, and he explained that he suffered from chronic indigestion and a sluggish liver, which often was productive of somnolence after lunch. "*Et voilà*," he said. "But that," said I, "hardly explains, does it, why you should climb five flights of stairs and stamp about my room cursing a duchess, a marquise, and a countess?" He snarled—yes, positively snarled, *mesdames*—and began all over again, till the very curtains turned purple. "Look," he said, "at my hair! But look at it only, monsieur! And look then at what was my beard!" I looked, and mentioned that as far as I could see most of his beard was sticking plaster now. "*Précisément*," he said—but I stopped the rest of it with a timely cigarette, soothed him with tea, and gradually gleaned the awful truth.

❀

Not a Victim of the Huns

"IT is one of the horrors of war," he began. Then he caught a glimpse of himself in the looking-glass, and used awful language in a blood-curdling whisper. Then he stared straight through me, making me acutely conscious of a broken button at the back of my coat. Of course, I visualised what had happened to him. It has happened so often, hasn't it? The quiet life in the little country town, the sudden alarm, the boy on a bicycle wheeling breathlessly in over the cobblestones, falling fainting at the feet of Monsieur le Maire and gasping, as he sinks into unconsciousness, "*Les Boches, M'sieu le Maire—les Boches qui viennent!*" The clatter of horses' hoofs, the first two Uhlans, bearded Germans, shrieking women, fire from petrol-sprinkled cottages, the old *curé* bundled into a cart . . . but there, you know, you have heard it all so often. Well, the truth wasn't a bit like that. "The butler of Madame la Comtesse is as bald as an egg," he said, "and the footman of Madame la Duchesse is fighting at the front."

❀

Doing Their Bit

"ET ALORS?" I asked. He passed his hand tenderly over the funny little ridges of stubble on his head and muttered more curses. Then he told me that there was nothing to laugh at. "It will happen again," he said, "to others. It is a scandal. Madame la Marquise is childless, and her husband is fighting. The *concierges* of all these ladies are the mothers of daughters only. Ah, good blood, of good blood, of good blood! *Bon sang, de*

(*Continued on page 384*)

"After luncheon he had been invited to pander to his somnolence in the petit salon"

bon sang, de bon sang!" So that there may be no bad blood between us—between me and you, friend the reader—I had better, perhaps, explain what really had happened. My visitor had been invited to luncheon *chez* Madame la Comtesse. The bald-headed butler had served him. After luncheon he had complained of indigestion, and, being an intimate friend, he had been invited to pander to his somnolence in the *petit salon*. "When I awoke," he cried, using more language which I need not repeat, "I was as you see me, me!" "A Zeppelin bomb?" I asked. "Never of the life," he said. "Those ladies had done their bit—*et me voilà*!"

"They cut his hair and shaved him"

❀

The Calls of Fashion

FASHION is a hard task-mistress, but with the cheerful self-sacrifice of the widow who hurls herself under the wheels of the car of Juggernaut, Madame la Comtesse, Madame la Duchesse, and *toutes ces dames du monde* in Paris are doing fashion's behest, or, at all events, if you will pardon me, are doing their behest to do so. [Please don't do that again.—Ed. BYSTANDER.] (Take a little warm water in your mouth and gargle, Mr. Editor, and the pain will soon pass off.—THE B. IN P.) Some of them, of course, are doing hospital work already, others are wearing short skirts and long boots laced up the side (*I* don't know where the skirts are laced. How should I?) and all are doing what they can. But recently, two hundred and fifty Paris ladies who are training to be Red Cross dames, were told to perfect themselves *chez elles* in the arts of cutting hair and shaving. It wasn't as easy as it looked. As I have told you, the butler of Madame la Comtesse is bald. The chauffeur of Madame la Duchesse is a lady, the husband of Madame la Marquise is away fighting. The *concierges* of these ladies have no sons. They had no male head and no male cheeks on which to practice with the scissors or the razor. *Que faire?* What was to be done?

"Others are wearing long boots laced up the side"

❀

The Tragedy

MADAME LA COMTESSE jumped into the breach and Madame la Duchesse helped her. In fact, if the Editor is not listening, I may say that these two noble ladies in their anxiety jumped into a pair of breaches. My poor friend, whose little failing after lunch was known to them, was invited to luncheon. When he fell asleep after it they cut his hair and shaved him. His head and face look like a model of the Alps and a plaster map of the Thames, now, and he is very, very angry. But Madame la Duchesse and her friends have filed a declaration that they can cut male hair and shave, and they are hoping to be allowed to do real work for real wounded quite soon. What will woman *not* do to help in the war?

JOHN N. RAPHAEL

Le Dernier Cri de Paris

TWO EXAMPLES OF OUTDOOR UP-TO-DATENESS

AN EARLY SPRING GOWN OF SATIN, WITH FLUTED TUNIC

THE SERBIAN NOTE EXPRESSED IN A TAILOR-MADE COSTUME

"Somewhere in Flanders"

IN A BELGIAN POPOTE

BY "JACK JOHNSON"

My Dear Bystander—

I have always understood that thoroughness and strict attention to detail were the predominating characteristics of the Teuton race, but it seems that even Germany has her sluggards. The man who told me said he felt quite sorry for the handsome-looking Highlander wandering quietly down the village street the other day, when he was suddenly pounced upon by the military police and advised to "come along quiet."

⁂ ⁂

The man who told me said he was present at the interrogation, and he felt sorry for the fellow, he said, on account of (1) his having ultimately to confess to such an unpleasant name as Friedrich Snitche (of the 941st Stuttgart Infantry), and (2) the shock to the man's system when it was broken to him as gently as possible that he owed his arrest solely to his own carelessness in wearing his kilt the wrong way round!

⁂ ⁂

However, it is only human to make mistakes from time to time, and I try and console myself with this on those felicitous occasions when I visit the neighbouring Belgian mess, or *Popote*, as known in the vernacular.

⁂ ⁂

You are probably in a violent hurry, and have just got five minutes to pop in and see *le commandant Blanker* in his office about a little affair of a gramophone that is changing hands. You enter the office. "*M. le Commandant est dans son bureau?*" "*Ah non, mon Lieutenant,*" replies the orderly, "*Je crois qu'il est allé à la Popote.*" So you go along to the *Popote*. Cautiously you put your head round the door, and a rapid glance informs you that the Commandant is not there, after all. But there are some thirty other officers there, from second-lieutenants upwards, and before you can silently withdraw your head they are all on their feet in a body. You shake hands with them all round, accompanying each salutation with a bow from the hips and some inaudible murmur about being "*enchanté.*" Just too late you discover that you have left out the Colonel and have shaken hands twice with the mess orderly. This unnerves you somewhat, and in an effort to put matters right you trip over the portable stove and then back violently into a black-bearded Major who is drinking a cup of coffee in the corner and doing no harm to anybody. "*Ah! ce n'est rien, ça, mon ami,*" exclaims the Major, with enthusiasm, "*absolument rien je vous assure,*" giving you to understand that he really likes having hot coffee poured down his gaiters.

⁂ ⁂

An hour flits fitfully away, and you find you are still standing in the middle of the room, first on one leg and then on the other, conversing heavily and trying to summon up courage to begin shaking hands all round once again. And when finally, just as the shades of eve steal softly o'er the troubled landscape, the Commandant Blanker bursts suddenly into the mess, you find in your agitation you have entirely forgotten what it was you wanted to tell him! There is absolutely nothing for it but to ask him how his father is.

⁂ ⁂

There is no doubt that only a strong, silent man should visit a Belgian *Popote*, a man who can be relied upon to act with promptness and ruthless determination; nobody of a vacillating character should attempt it.

⁂ ⁂

It has been said with reason that the war will effect many changes, and already indications are not lacking which serve to show that, strange as it may seem, we are at least upon the threshold of a new era in Commercial Candour. Yesterday I read a notice in a small village, "*Tous les matins nous recevons des œufs garantis* PRESQUE *frais.*"

Yours ever,

Jack Johnson

"Wake us up mate when this 'ere strarf's over"

Drawn under shell fire by Second-Lieut. A. L. Wade

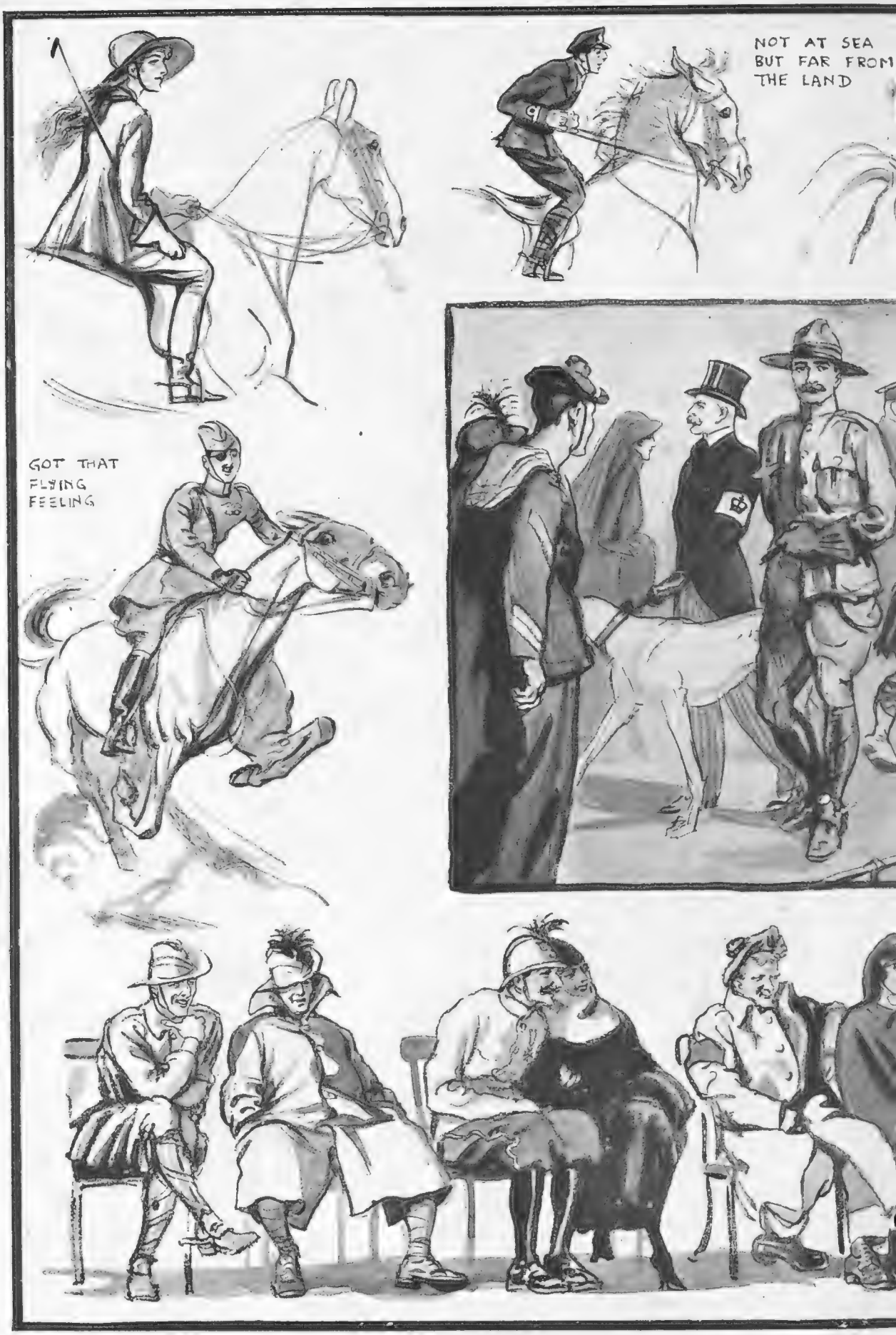
His Dual Obsession

Owing to the frequent recurrence of this dream, Herr Fritz von Lagerschifter has decided to take his friends' advice:—Give up sausage late at night and brood less upon the possible size of the British Army next spring

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

[*Captain Bairnsfather's sketches appear exclusively in "The Bystander" each week.*—Ed.]

In Londo



HYDE PARK IN ITS

"In the Park—we do go to war, we Britons, cheerfully, don't we?—there's a regular throng of healthy, happy people getting up appetites for lunch along the Row same as ever any fine,

n—Now

WAR-TIME MOTLEY

bright morning, or sitting on the green chairs in the sun contemplating the crocuses in the grass and the cavaliers on the tan."—EXTRACTS FROM THE LETTERS OF "BLANCHE," FEBRUARY 23, 1916.

Logic to the Rescue!

OR THE NEW GERMAN OFFENSIVE

It appears that the German newspapers are now printing "inspired" articles warning the people that they must not confuse war Ideals with war Aims. To the ignorant and unthinking, an Ideal and an Aim would seem to be more or less identical. Therefore Berlin, always foremost in the struggle for the correction of error, now desires to right the wrong. That is, of course, in a purely academic sense.

For instance, your Ideal in war must be to crush your enemy and impose your will upon him; while your Aim may be to try and persuade him to take his foot from off your neck so that you may get up and shake yourself out a little.

⁂ ⁂

It is, perhaps, a little late in the day to chop words about Ideals and Aims. When the war broke out we had it on the authority of the All-Highest himself that Germany had been wickedly attacked. At that period, therefore, her Ideal and her Aim must have been one and the same thing. Namely, to defend herself.

The general proposition now insisted on, that Ideals and Aims are different things, makes it clear that Germany had, after all, an Ideal other than that of self-defence. The allegation has been frequently made elsewhere; but only the historian will get the facts as to the origin of the war. We who live close up against the grim Thing can only play at guessing.

⁂ ⁂

It is generally believed that the German Ideal was the Germanising of the world in one piece. Shortly after the commencement of the war a German officer recommended an English lady to talk only in German because German was about to become the universal language. This was, no doubt, part of the Ideal. Another part may have been that hence forth the other nations of the earth would be eating their soup as the Germans do; but Heaven in its mercy has spared us this, at least.

⁂ ⁂

Recent events in America seem to confirm this view of the German Ideal. (After all, even if one is too proud to fight, one is apt to get jostled occasionally in a noisy crowd.) We have learned of the existence of a highly scientific organisation of incendiaries and dynamitards on the American continent, who were prepared to get to business as soon as Berlin pressed the button and gave the word to go. Thus the conquest of the New World would have synchronised with the conquest of the Old. And then we should all have been under the rubber heels of Attila and—Autolycus!

The German Ideal was high—not to say gamey. Now that she admits that it is for the present unattainable, we await details of her Aim. Though, from what we have seen of her statesmen, we can hardly expect that the Aim will be very—straight.

⁂ ⁂

The German soldier having come to the end of his resources, the Logician is taking the field. As Euclid would say, it is required to prove that Black is White; and we have every confidence in the ability of the German Logician to perform this feat, at least to his own satisfaction. The sub-division of the postulate into Ideals and Aims is by no means a bad start. After all, if you cannot succeed in scooping the pool, there is always the chance that you may get your stakes back.

⁂ ⁂

The Logician will state the Aim quite clearly. Indeed, it is so simple as almost to be obvious. Germany's Aim was merely to defend her hearths and homes from the ruthless attacks of the ferocious Belgians on one side and the merciless Serbs on the other. This Aim Germany has now achieved, and she is safe for the future from either of these formidable foes. Therefore Germany has won the war.

⁂ ⁂

It is true that there are the Great Powers to reckon with, but this detail is not a matter for the soldier, but the diplomat. Having won the war and accomplished her Aim, Germany can afford to be generous, and, by evacuating the conquered territory for which she has no use, let the Great Powers enjoy the illusion of a diplomatic triumph.

In short, if you cannot have what you want, you must take what you can get. This is the universal Aim, and it, therefore, follows that it must be the Aim of Germany. *Q.E.D.* A. G.

PROPHYLACTICS

"What precaution do you take against water infected by microbes?"
"Well, mum, we boils it—"
"Yes?"
"—Then we filters it—"
"Yes?"
"—Then we drinks beer"

Wanted—A Title

A CRITICAL MOMENT IN THE CAREER OF A GREAT JOURNALIST

"A de Vere of Brixton 'ill"

Photograph *Beaufort*

MISS CICELY DEBENHAM

A new portrait of the charming and versatile young actress who is to play the part of "Miss Vera de Vere" (a musical comedy artiste who, when asked to which branch of the de Vere family she belongs, replies that she is "one of the de Veres of Brixton 'ill") in the new musical play, "My Lady Frayle," at the Shaftesbury Theatre, the first performance of which is announced for this evening (March 1)

The Vision Feminine

THE GENTLE ART OF MAKING-UP

By "EFEMERA" *Illustrated by Hill Clarke*

THERE was a time, not so very long ago either (if you reckon as the crow flies, that is to say, by calendar, not events), when making-up was socially both a crime and a blunder. A still older generation had dyed its hair and painted and powdered as a matter of course, but the Victorian era frowned upon such adventitious aids. Beauty (or ugliness) unadorned was the hall-mark of the virtuous woman. Even to powder one's nose was not considered respectable—in fact, so brazen a proceeding gave rise to the gravest doubts as to one's moral character. It was an offence even more heinous than to be smartly dressed, or fanciful in the matter of under-linen. It was looked upon as "French"—therefore foreign and reprehensible—for the British maid or matron naturally claimed the monopoly of feminine Virtue, with a capital V. Rouge suggested nothing more or less than the Scarlet Woman.

❀ ❀

OF course, the above-mentioned lady had the British complexion of milk and roses to fall back upon, but even that undeniable heritage was apt, in the course of an exhausting season, to show signs of wear and tear. It may have been the dawning of this plain, if unpalatable, truth which brought about a change, or it may have been the realisation that, while the average Englishman profoundly respected his unadorned partner, the artifices of unscrupulous foreign minxes with painted cheeks captured his roving eye. Can you wonder? Beauty (or the reverse) unadorned is admittedly admirable, but rather like suet pudding: good, but dull.

EVERY woman likes to look her best at all times—surely a laudable desire, particularly from the masculine point of view—and if Nature will not undertake the responsibility, why then Nature must be assisted. Men take a singular pleasure in being condoled with for appearing tired, or seedy, or ill—they seem to regard it as a sort of compliment—but any woman, even the most guileless, knows what is meant when her greatest female friend says: "Amelia, dear, how wretched you are looking! Quite worn out." Hence the hare's foot, the powder-puff, the lip-pencil, and, perhaps, a discreet touch of hair "tonic" or "reviver."

❀ ❀

WE have lost all sense of false shame in the matter. Where formerly a woman locked herself into her room to perform mysterious rites or surreptitiously powdered her nose in a cloak-room, being careful to remove all traces of the nefarious deed before reappearing in public, she now takes out her vanity-bag and touches up her face wherever she may happen to find herself, however incongruous the surroundings. But no one, so far as I can see, is any the worse for it—except the impatient man who misses a train, because madame refuses to go a step further with a shiny nose.

❀ ❀

BUT the desire to look well and an agreeable lack of squeamishness are only the beginning of wisdom. Making-up, like any other improvement on nature, is an art, and, therefore, a pitfall to the artless or the unwary. You may purchase the most

(*Continued on page 394*)

"She now takes out her vanity-bag and touches up her face wherever she may happen to find herself"

THE VISION FEMININE (concluded from page 393)

"Gods, perhaps, may appreciate them, men do not"

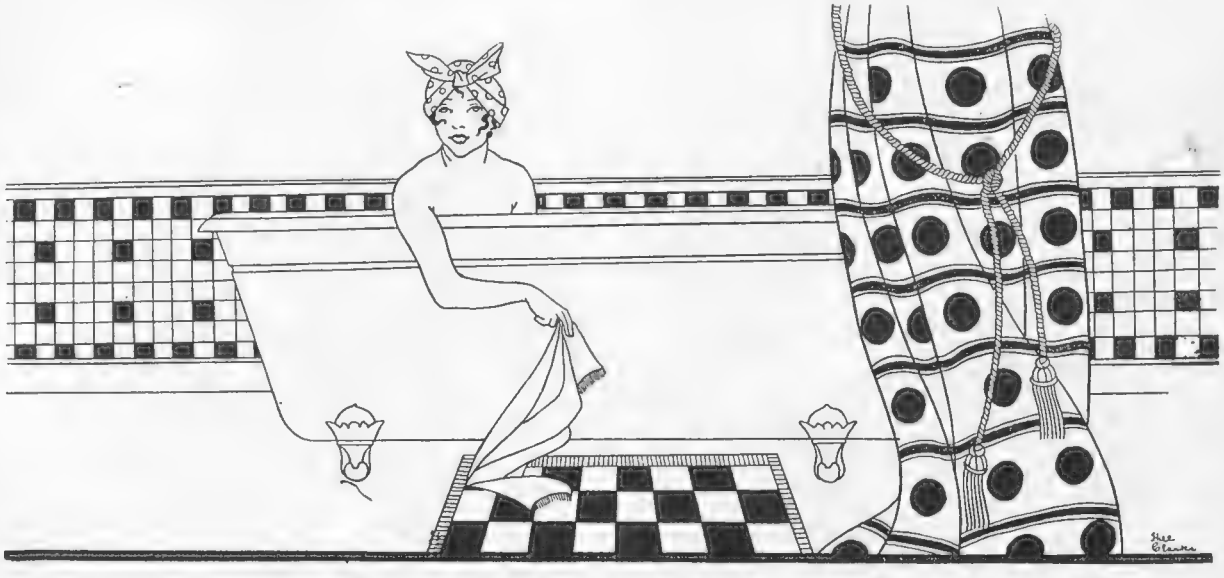
expensive and complicated array of cosmetics and yet achieve a result that would startle a scarecrow. We have all seen the sallow woman who uses with deadly effect a peculiarly mauve brand of rouge because it happens to look well on the bluish face of an intimate friend. . . . And the swarthy girl who smears her face with white powder instead of having a mixture compounded to suit her rich colour.

THIS type of woman seems to think that any kind of make-up must be effective because—well, just because it is make-up. She never stops to consider the result to be attained. The whole object of making-up is the enhancing of one's best features and the remedying of defects. One wants to have a face like a human being—as beautiful a human being as possible—not a cathedral window or a golliwog, or a trophy of the flags of the Allies. Of course, the craze of the moment must be taken into account, as when Paris decreed that faces should be painted a yellow-brown, but a due regard for the vagaries of fashion is no excuse for the haphazard application of aids to fascination. If you are a hunting woman with a russet, weather-beaten complexion, and a clear, light eye, it would obviously be absurd to attempt the whited sepulchre effect. For one thing, you never get it, and it won't stick on if you do.

SOME women seem to imagine that, assisted by the light of nature, they can afford to dispense with a looking-glass—at least, that is the only plausible explanation of some sights I have seen. (Gods, perhaps, may appreciate them, men do not.) Making-up is not worth doing at all, unless you do it well, and certainly there is no excuse for carelessness. Make up your mind what effect you wish to obtain, find out if it be possible, study the means at your command and refuse to be hurried. Haste may mean a crooked eyebrow (it is extraordinary what a devilish expression that can give to a face) or a slipping cheek, neither of which is conducive to charm.

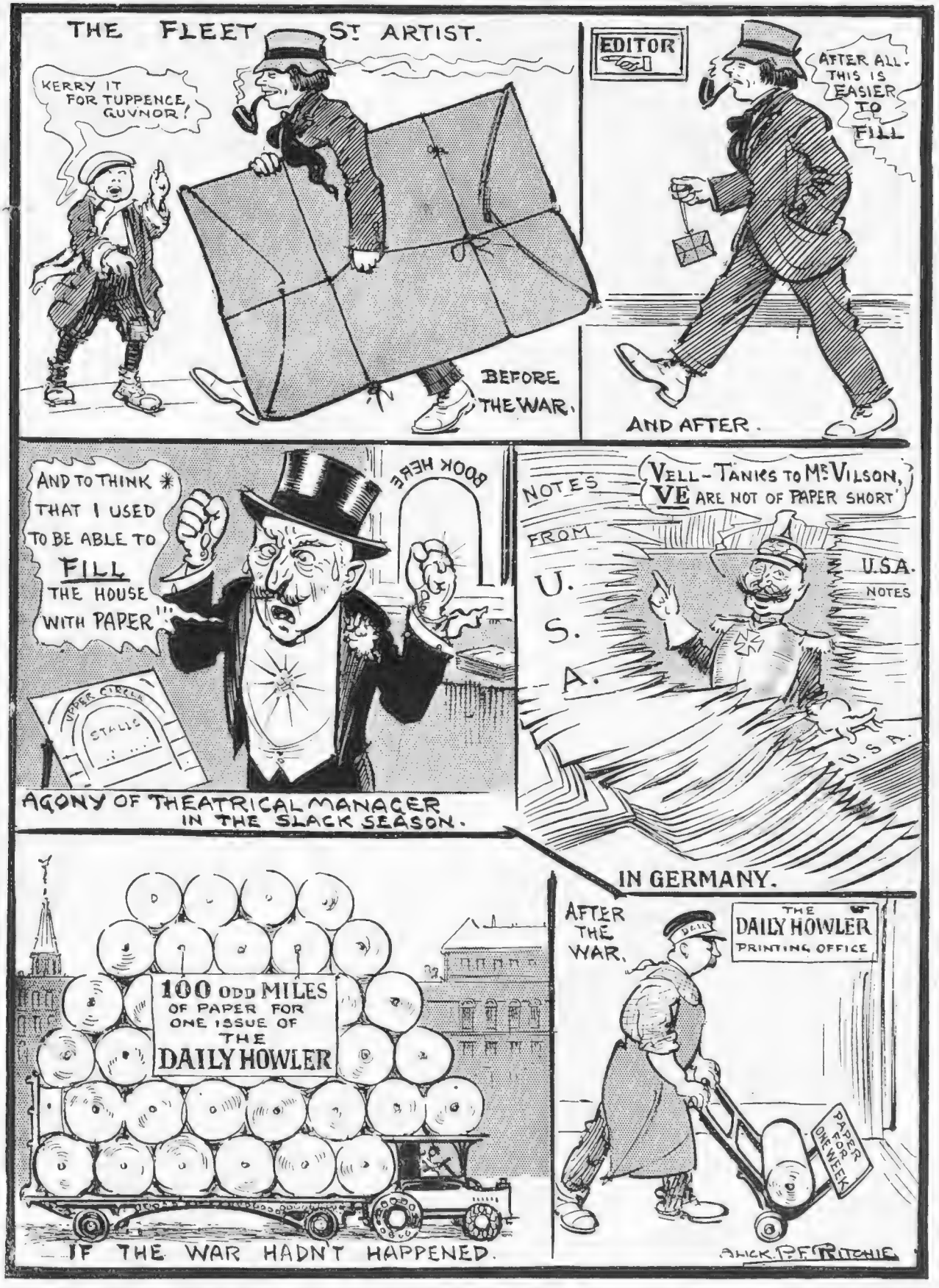
THERE are a few simple rules which should invariably be observed. Always have a strong light on your dressing-table—stronger than you will have to face elsewhere. Don't choose a colour for your hair that clashes with your eyebrows. Keep your daytime and evening make-up strictly separate. No, dear reader, they are *not* interchangeable. That way lies detection. Never use powders, lotions, pastes, or creams that have an unpleasant taste or smell. The reason for this is obvious. Don't make-up one day and go without the next. Leave your eyes severely alone; you may "improve" cheeks, lips, eyebrows, and hair, but if you once touch your eyes you are finished. You may tint eyelashes with a fine brush, but that is all. And, when you put that dainty, wild-rose flush on your cheeks don't forget your ears, particularly the back of the lobe. Who ever heard of an ear pink in front and white behind?

HOW do I know so much about it? Observation, of course. One learns so much in life by other people's blunders. And do I make-up? Well, no. Quite frankly, I prefer soap and water, plenty of both. But one never knows what one may come to. EFEMERA



"Well, no. Quite frankly I prefer soap and water"

Feeling the Pinch



SOME PROBABLE EFFECTS OF THE SHORTAGE OF PAPER

After the War—War

SEX-ANTAGONISM IN THE LEAN YEARS TO COME

BY MAUD CHURTON BRABY

I like the man who wrote on "The Future of Woman" in a recent issue of The Bystander. He is appreciative; he has the right spirit. But I feel cross with him when he says that the war has proved "the folly of the higher education of women." Surely the exact contrary is the case. Otherwise could women have come forward as they have done, taken men's jobs, branched out into hundreds of new activities, and kept their heads through the most bewildering new conditions? Henceforth "little more than the three R's and cooking" is to be all that women will require. But why, because a living will be still harder to earn, need women know less than before? And why because men have suffered unspeakable horrors need women be more empty-minded, less fitted for companionship? Our friend throws no light on this problem. And isn't he a bit behind the times when he says that "instead of pale tired students we shall have a race of jolly bouncing girls"? Those pale students have been out of date ages ago; our modern girls think just as much about games as do their brothers. The girls we see, nowadays, riding motor-bicycles and driving cars, are "jolly and bouncing" enough in all conscience!

❀ ❀

Like most charming people, our friend is inconsistent. First he says "I make my stand for the bewitchingly frivolous, the dear little things who can dance all the night through," and next that "the girl with a baby in her arms is to count most"—(hasn't she always?)—that "the woman who gives children to her country will become the national model." As the mother of four, I like the thought of being the national model immensely, but somehow I don't *quite* see how one is to dance all the night through and manage the baby-business as well. Women are wonderful nowadays, but there are distinct limits to their wonderfulness. I have a teething war-baby of my own, and know "some"!

❀ ❀

One of the most subtle results of the war is the far-reaching change in the relations of the sexes to each other. Before that scrap of paper came to be torn up there was a great deal of sex-antagonism about, but the declaration of war seemed to blow it away as if by magic. Instantly, the sexes fell into their proper places, the men to fight for their homes, the women to stop there and "carry on." Like all great things, it was wonderfully simple, and we never noticed it till months afterwards. But I differ from the writer of that article in the opinion that this happy state of affairs will last. He thinks sex-antagonism has been blown away for ever on the war-clouds, drowned in the blood of brave men. With all my heart I would it might so prove. But to me it seems that the most bitter war of all will be the sex-war to come. Not, perhaps, quite in the *near* hereafter, but, roughly speaking, within a few years of Peace.

I think the bad times we are going through now are gloriously gay compared with what may be expected to follow. Food is dear, but there is still plenty of it; jobs are plentiful, almost anyone can earn who wants to. There is a lot of money about—the five-million-per-day makes a good splash. The professional classes are badly hit, but they aren't everyone. The theatres and places of amusement are packed to overflowing. And everywhere people are making love, apparently, with their whole hearts and undivided minds. Marriages and rumours of marriages fill the air. In this spring, at all events, the young men's fancies have heavily and strongly turned to thoughts of love.

❀ ❀

In the future, when all the special factories for the manufacture of war goods are closed down, when in addition to the millions of non-combatants thus thrown out of work, there will be the millions of the disbanded armies to be re-absorbed into civil life; when the war-taxation has to be met; the maimed, blinded, broken men to be comforted, the empty chairs faced; when, in short, *Pay-Day arrives* and we are crushed in the cruel grip of the Lean Years—oh! then shall we not look back longingly on the hard times of 1916 as to some lost golden age?

❀ ❀

Pay-Day will have to come, however long it tarries; the Accounts of Armageddon must be met. And in that bitter day of reckoning, the full significance of those empty chairs will eat into our souls. The "Future of Woman," about which our friend writes so hopefully and charmingly, is going to be greatly complicated by those vacant places. "Men will want women as lovers, not as lecturers," he rightly says. "Men will want hot kisses and loving arms to help them to forget." A delightful prospect, which perks us all up, girls and grass-widows alike! I'm sure we are all quite ready to do our part; indeed, judging from what one observes, some of us are doing it very heartily now. The sad thing is that in so many cases the hot kisses will grow cold with waiting, the loving arm remains empty. If, in the future, life is indeed to be for women "more an affair of the heart than the head"—many of us will have a pitifully bare existence. And that is why I foresee a grievous sex war; there will be too little love—too few men and too few jobs.

❀ ❀

I sincerely trust this view may be proved wrong. I hope that the harvest of these years of bloodshed *will* be the increased industrial efficiency which some people seem to expect; that there will be no sex war, but on the contrary that the woman who has filled a high position in a bank or factory will cheerfully sweep the nearest crossing rather than keep from a job one single man who has fought for England. But people so soon forget.

An Artist's "Model" Wife

IN THE NEW PIECE AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'

Photograph *Foulsham and Banfield*

MISS ANNIE SAKER

Who is playing the leading part "Madeline," model and wife of Réné Lescarre, a poor artist, in "The Silver Crucifix," of which a revised version by Mr. Walter Howard (who plays the part of the husband) was presented for the first time on Saturday last at the Prince of Wales' Theatre

Then and Now: How the War

A FOOTBALL "GALLERY" OF 1914

A FOOTBALL "GALLERY" OF TO-DAY

Disabled British soldiers who have been released from captivity in Germany and have just returned home, watching their sailor comrades playing football at the Crystal Palace

The longer the War goes on the more does it become apparent that everything, including sport, is being made more and more subservient to its needs—which are felt even in neutral countries. Football was once the recreation of the

has Altered the Outlook on Sport

DAVOS IN PEACE-TIME AS A WINTER SPORTS CENTRE

DAVOS IN WAR-TIME AS A SANATORIUM FOR WOUNDED SOLDIERS

The arrival from France of a batch of wounded German prisoners of war, who have been sent to Davos in exchange for a similar number of prisoners from Germany, who will likewise remain in Switzerland for the duration of the War

holiday crowd, now very little football is played except in connection with military training and war charities. Similarly Davos, which is ordinarily a home of winter sport, has now become a refuge for men broken in the War

LONDON NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS

"Follow the Crowd" at the Empire

BY "JINGLE." ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MORROW

THIS is quite an elaborate production. In the minor war of competition between Revue merchants, it was obviously necessary that the Empire Theatre should lead the procession. Consequently Mr. Alfred Butt has, as it were, brought up his heavy guns, determined to storm his way into public favour. There has never been anything quite so super-excellent in the way of a Revue in London as *Follow the Crowd*. The scenery is admirable, the costumes are superb, and the comedians are "the goods." And yet, as must always happen when the organising spirit is the most capable item of the combination, the whole thing seems to lack the human note. Its excellence is so complete as almost to bear traces of being machine-made. I think the Revue would be more interesting if some of the comedians could have a freer hand, and be themselves, rather than cogs in a marvellously well organised piece of clockwork.

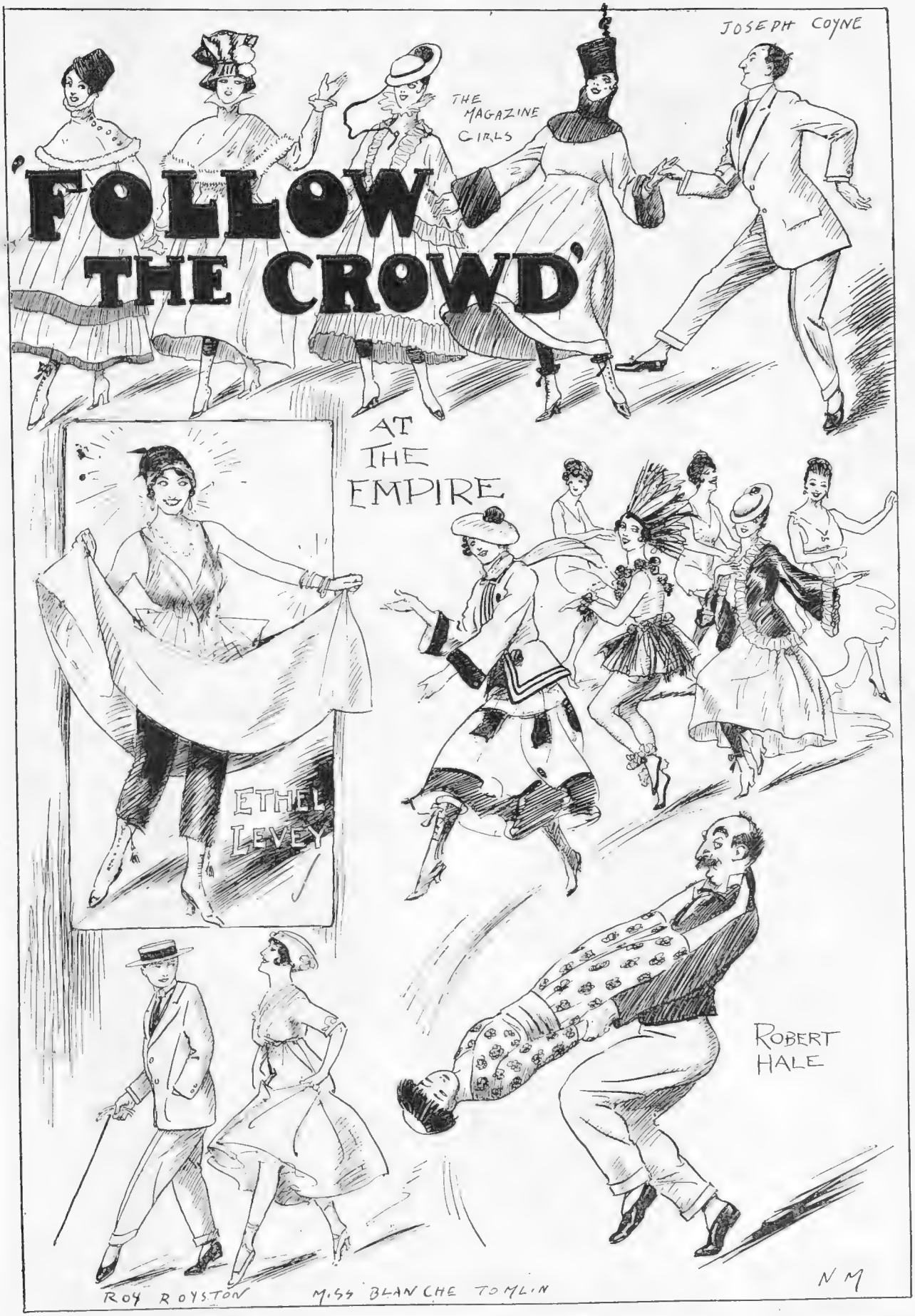
MISS ETHEL LEVEY IN ONE OF HER MANY FROCKS

THE Revue opens at the Costumiers', chiefly, it would seem, for the purpose of introducing us to some of the pretty frocks of the piece, all of which, by the way, are inhabited by perfect dreams of beauty. I lost my heart fifteen times in the first scene alone. We then drift on to a Railway Station, where Mr. Joseph Coyne has a song about "The Girl on the Magazine," with very novel chorus effects. Mr. Coyne, by the way, is sometimes called "Joseph" on the programme, and sometimes just "Joe," though Mr. Robert Hale is never called "Bob" and Miss Violet Englefield is never referred to as "Vi." Why these class distinctions?

MR. ROBERT HALE gets his first big turn in the music department of Harridges, the well-known shopping centre in the east-west-end. Disguised as Mr. George Graves, Mr. Hale is an auctioneer who is putting up prospective husbands to auction. I do not know why husbands should be disposed of in the "music department," unless it is that there is a popular theory that marriage is the prelude to an eternity of chin-music. (I speak, of course, only of what I have heard.) The humour of the auction is of the obvious type all the time. Mr. Hale says just what you would expect him to say, and the prospective husbands who are brought forward as "Lots," are made up in scrupulous accordance with the traditions of the popular comic press. The scene is quite amusing; but it gives one the impression of being machine-made from first to last. It seems to be a peculiarity of managers of large theatrical enterprises that they will take no risks by being original. They will produce only those things which they know from experience have already been honoured with the stamp of public approval.

I HAVE no doubt that from a business point of view this is correct. There is the joke, for instance, of the young man with the soft, delicate hands, who, on being asked by a lady to explain their enviable beauty, explains that it is the effect of sleeping with gloves on. The lady retorts that she supposes he sleeps with his hat on as well. I have met this joke in papers coming from all the corners of the earth any time during these last twenty years; and yet on the opening night of this Revue it was greeted with a tumultuous shout of laughter, thus handsomely justifying the policy of the management. The second act opens in Honolulu, which seems to be a popular scene for Revues this season. Here, again, everything is of the best — scenery, costumes, and pretty girls. Mr. Tom Walls sings a lively ditty about the advantages of Honolulu as a residential suburb, and Mr. Robert Hale is very correctly funny as a guide; while Miss Ethel Levey, who is the life and soul of the Revue, and who seems to have the most individuality, is quite great in this scene. Mr. Alfred Butt seems to have the rare gift of being able to divine the public taste exactly. The success of *Follow the Crowd* is a foregone conclusion. There is not a shadow of a doubt about it. JINGLE

A Crowd Worth Following



The new Empire Revue is the most ambitious enterprise of the kind that London has seen. It is elaborately mounted and is a thing of beauty from first to last

The Gun-Room Patriots

By FLORENCE WARDEN

"ROTTEN, I call it!" The second midshipman nodded. Then he looked doubtful.

"But, I say, you know. I can't think he'd be such a fool!"

"Well, look at him!" retorted the other.

From the wide window of the handsome country-house where they were spending their four days' leave, the midshipmen stared out somewhat gloomily at the two figures in the grounds beyond the terrace.

A dapper little gunnery lieutenant, with the lean, keen face of his kind, was walking, at the brisk pace the season favoured, by the side of a girl rather taller than himself, very round of face, very fair of hair, and very pretty. The girl was smiling, attentive, evidently amused and interested; but from time to time she threw a glance towards the great house, and appeared to note the faces of the midshipmen at the billiard-room window.

The lieutenant, on the other hand, who was talking very fast, and whose eyes never wandered from the direction of his companion's pretty face, was evidently unaware of any watchers.

"After all he's said to us about being caught by pretty faces! And that sort of rot!" said Fitz, the elder midshipman, scornfully. "And now he takes up with a German!"

"She's French, isn't she?" objected The Cricket, uneasily. "They call her Mademoiselle."

"Never mind what they call her. Haven't you noticed her accent? It's not a French accent, but German. I spotted that at once. And I asked my uncle why he had a German governess for the kids at a time like this."

"And what did he say?"

"Said she was Swiss. Of course, they *all* say they're Swiss! Swiss, indeed! Rot!"

His limited vocabulary having failed him, Fitz became ferociously silent.

He was a small, fair, masterful person of eighteen, and The Cricket, a tall, broad-shouldered young man a few months his junior, was his adoring, though sometimes feebly critical, slave.

While their ship was refitting, these two were among the officers who had got short leave, and Sir John Barracliffe, the uncle of Fitz, had given them an invitation, which he had also extended to Lieut. Maralin.

And this was the dastardly use he made of the courtesy! There he was, flirting outrageously, before their patriotic eyes, with a girl on whose face, for all that she was addressed as "Mademoiselle," the title "Fräulein" was writ large!

It was The Cricket who broke the silence.

"I shouldn't wonder if it's all right," he suggested, in a weakly, hopeful tone.

"Oh, if you're satisfied," retorted Fitz with dignified bitterness, "there's no more to be said."

"Well, but—what are you afraid of?" asked The Cricket, humbly.

"I'm not afraid of anything in particular. But I say that, as one knows these German women have been planted about all over the country on purpose to pick up any information they can, they are just the last sort of people *we* ought to have anything to do with."

The whole might of the British Navy seemed to swell out sonorously in this speech.

"But if she's a Swiss—and Sir John ought to know!" protested The Cricket, with kindly indulgence to his host.

"He doesn't know, and that's flat. She's not only a German, but she's an artful one. She made up to Old Guns at once, and you can guess whether it was for his looks!" he added, haughtily.

Lieut. Maralin was not handsome, and his two juniors were both very pretty fellows.

"Why, no; he's a handful of brown bones," observed The Cricket loftily.

Even if she was only the governess, and a suspected German at that, it was pleasant to neither of these very young men to be so completely cut out as they were by Old Guns.

They nursed their resentment until after luncheon, when they found an opportunity of expressing their doubts—much less emphatically than they had done between themselves, to their senior officer.

Lieut. Maralin laughed at them and their veiled and most respectful suggestions.

"She's all right," he said. "It doesn't do to go about the world with a twist in one's eye, taking every creature for a spy who talks English with a foreign accent. You may bet your life Sir John Barracliffe would make sure the members of his household were above suspicion."

"My uncle might make a mistake, like anybody else," said Fitz, stiffly.

"Not likely. Anyhow, she's a deuced pretty girl, and not brainy enough to do any harm."

As Mademoiselle's voice was heard at that moment calling to her charges in the most engaging broken English, the lieutenant sheered off, and left the two youngsters to their indignation.

"Just as if," said Fitz, "the girl's pretty looks and innocent little speeches were not the sort of blind the Huns like best! Whatever their faults may be, nobody has ever accused them of want of artfulness; and they don't let their spies go about with masks and dark lanterns, like the villains of melodrama, you bet!"

"I dare say he'll be careful what he says to her, anyhow," suggested The Cricket, hopefully.

But Fitz was sceptical. He watched both the lieutenant and the governess, as well as he was able, during the whole of the afternoon. But it was not until after dinner, when he "shadowed" the pair successfully from the gallery which overlooked the hall, that he knew he was right.

(*All rights strictly reserved*)
(*Continued on page 404*)

A CHINA CABINET

by Waring & Gillow

A 4-ft. Cabinet of exceptionally graceful design, fitted with two shelves and two drawers in the lower part. In beautifully finished Mahogany. **£17:17:0**

THE fine example illustrated above is typical of the high standard of excellence which we have maintained during more than 200 years of furniture manufacture. The possession of choice furniture is a joy which all of us can experience when such furniture is priced as economically as it is in our Galleries. Make a visit to our Oxford Street Galleries and convince yourself of the economy you can effect by purchasing there.

WARING & GILLOW LTD

Furnishers & Decorators to H.M. the King.

164-180 OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W

BOLD STREET, LIVERPOOL. DEANSGATE, MANCHESTER

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY (concluded from page 402)

Down in a cosy corner of the great hall, seated at a little table, the short-cropped dark head very near to the fluffy fair one, were the two young people, too much absorbed in each other to take note of the watching eyes above them.

Mademoiselle was asking questions, in innocent, lisping tones; and the Lieutenant, not content with answering them, was drawing sketches and diagrams on sheets of note-paper, which he took from a stationery cabinet which stood on the table.

"Drawing—guns—guns, as I live!" said Fitz to himself, gasping.

Under the influence of the pretty girl's gently lisped questions, uttered in the most convincingly artless tones, the enamoured lieutenant went on from guns to other things, until sheet after sheet of note-paper was embellished with drawings and diagrams of all kinds.

After a time Maralin seemed suddenly to wake up to the fact that he was committing an indiscretion, for he leapt to his feet, and, gathering up all the papers on which he had been scribbling, he tore them across, crumpled them up into a ball, and, flinging them into the midst of a stand full of palms and broad-leaved aspidistras, turned with a laugh to the girl, and said:

"Look here, it's awfully good of you to listen to all this technical rot. I must have bored you to death. Let's go and listen to the music."

Fitz could scarcely believe his ears or his eyes. That a man qualified to hold rank in the British Fleet could be such an ass as Maralin had proved himself to be was almost incredible. Then, before he had recovered from his stupefaction, Mademoiselle herself, soft of foot and noiseless of movement, came swiftly back into the hall, glanced quickly round her, and, stooping over the plants in the corner, found the ball of crumpled papers upon which Maralin had been drawing, stuffed it into the loose front of her white silk blouse, and rapidly disappeared.

Fitz went straight to the Lieutenant, whom he found singing choruses with the children in the drawing-room, and told him what he had seen.

"By Jove!" said Maralin. Then quickly he added: "Don't say anything to anybody. Leave it to me."

Next morning Mademoiselle was not at breakfast, and Sir John Barracliffe, who looked grave and harassed, informed them that the governess had been summoned by letter to return to her home on account of the serious illness of her mother.

The midshipmen conferred together as to what this might mean, but came to no solution of the riddle.

Maralin was easily the least concerned of them all, though it was plainly he who was at the root of the mischief.

The three officers went back to their ship that day, and on the platform of the railway station Fitz, who could fairly look upon himself as the prime mover in the discovery of the spy, addressed Maralin boldly.

"Had the German governess been arrested as a spy?"

"Lord, no! She got away the first thing this morning."

"Will she be allowed to get across to the other side of the Channel?"

"Hope so, I'm sure," said the Lieutenant, drily.

"But she'll take those drawings you made for her; she'll manage to hide them. She's artful enough for anything."

The Lieutenant looked Fitz straight in the eyes, and in his own there began to twinkle a most uncanny light.

"That is what I hope and believe."

Fitz grew suddenly red.

Maralin burst into a roar of harsh laughter, and went on in the grating voice peculiar to his type:

"If the little minx will only take the plans and diagrams I gave her, and the statistics, and all the rest of the rot, why I shall have done the best day's work I've had a chance of doing yet all through the blessed war."

Fitz uttered a smothered ejaculation. Maralin left off laughing, and nodded.

"You snotties think yourselves awfully smart, don't you?" said he, in his most irritating tone. "Take everybody else for a born mug."

"My—my uncle didn't know?" stammered Fitz.

Maralin pulled out a cigar-case, still laughing discordantly.

"Not till I gave him the tip. And not then till I took the little baggage in hand, and showed her up. Then, when she slung her hook, he saw how things were, and he'll do all he can to ensure her getting safe to—where she came from—without too close a search."

"And you think the diagrams and things you gave her will help to throw dust in the Huns' eyes?"

Maralin looked doubtful.

"Hope so, but whatever Fritz's failings may be, he's no fool," said he. "Anyhow, the baggage is better away."

He turned his back on Fitz, who communicated his remarks to The Cricket, and relieved his feelings.

"It was rotten to take *us* in," he grumbled.

The Cricket ventured to chuckle.

"It is rather funny, though—if it hadn't been us," he commented.

But Fitz "wouldn't see it" for quite a long time. He knew how the ward-room would chuckle over the story, and naturally the gun-room doesn't like to be chuckled at.

FLORENCE WARDEN

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

IN connection with the new Government regulations regarding economy of paper, readers will greatly assist the Publisher to minimise wastage of "returns" by ordering THE BYSTANDER direct from the Publishing Office, or from Newsagents, instead of purchasing it casually.

Self-regulating!

Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

Absolutely nothing to do but write. The patent and inimitable Spoon Feed regulates the inkflow to the very last drop in the pen.

JUST as the impulse to walk faster or to walk slower almost automatically increases or checks one's speed, so the desire to write heavily or to write lightly reflects itself unconsciously in increased or decreased pressure upon the nib. Such pressure upon a Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen regulates the ink-flow. In this wise:

The Patent Waterman Spoon-Feed—a system of reservoirs—holds in check the ink stored in the barrel. Pressure on the pen, the gentlest of pressure, releases a certain quantity of ink which travels to the pen point just as quickly as, but no quicker than, it can be utilised. Heavier pressure, a more ample supply of ink to the nib, but no blotting. Just sufficient ink for the need of the moment; no more, never less.

Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen is the simplest and the best. It is beautifully made, a pleasure to handle, a still greater pleasure to use. With ordinary care it will last a lifetime.

THREE TYPES:
REGULAR, **10/6** and upwards.
SAFETY and THE NEW LEVER POCKET SELF-FILLER, **12/6** & upwards.
Of Stationers and Jewellers everywhere.

NIBS TO SUIT ALL HANDS.

FOR NAVAL and MILITARY USE we strongly recommend the **SAFETY** type, which can be carried in any position.

Two notable enthusiastic users of the World-famous Waterman's Ideal.

HILAIRE BELLOC

Novelist, Essayist, and Writer of the brilliant series of War Articles in "Land and Water" and other Journals:—

"I am writing with a Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen. The nib is of pure gold, as was the throne of Charlemagne, in the 'Song of Roland' . . . Well, then, the Pen is of pure Gold, a pen that runs straight away like a willing horse, or a jolly little ship; indeed, it is a pen so excellent that it reminds me of my subject—the pleasure of taking up one's pen.

Dr. E. J. DILLON

—the distinguished Foreign Correspondent of the "Daily Telegraph"—writes of Waterman's Ideal:—

"I first tested it in Kurdistan on my way to Armenia in 1894, and I used it in describing the Armenian massacres of that and the following years. I employed it during the boxer trouble in China, at the Peace Negotiations in Portsmouth, the insurrectionary movement in Russia, the revolution in Portugal, at the London Peace Conference, and at the Conference in Bucharest. I have had most of the important Treaties of recent years signed with the Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen, which I take with me wherever I go."

Fullest satisfaction guaranteed. Nibs exchangeable if not suitable. Call, or send to "The Pen Corner."
Full range of pens on view, for inspection and trial. Booklet free on application to—

L. G. Sloan, The Pen Corner, Kingsway, London.

Books of the Week

MELODRAMA AND MEMOIRS

"Quittance"

When a Solicitor-General believes that he has murdered a woman, for whose death a friend has served a term of imprisonment, and when the ex-convict turns up in the Solicitor-General's house and falls in love with his daughter, you know more or less what to expect. When, further, the matter is complicated by the confession of the Solicitor-General's father-in-law, a belted Earl who was once First Lord of the Admiralty, that he stole Government plans and allowed the blame to fall on a clerk who is none other than the ex-convict himself, you will understand that *Quittance* (Long : 6*s.*), by H. Maxwell, is a blackmailing sort of yarn with misunderstandings and murders galore. The story is good enough of its kind—one or two of the characters are very well drawn—but in earlier books the author has done much more original work.

"A Debt Discharged"

A Debt Discharged (Ward, Lock: 6*s.*), by Edgar Wallace (who must surely have more books to his credit than most of us), is one of those detective melodramas in which the intricacy of the plot is so much more important than its probability. Yet criminals, you may argue, are improbable people. In this story a gang of international forgers provides a suitable background, and for the hero there is a young American millionaire who was once stupid enough to play with crime. Mr. Wallace is too artful to allow you to know the truth until you come to the end of the book, but *A Debt Discharged* is only one of his "second-best."

The Man with Forty Faces

The late T. W. Hanshew wrote some good detective stories, notably those which had Hamilton Cleek, the man with forty faces, for their hero. Cleek, as you may know, was a mysterious and highly successful cracksman with an inhuman facility for facial disguise who, after a criminal career, settled down to work for the Law. He made an admirable detective, and you are shown further proof of his abilities in *The Riddle of the Night* (Simpkin : 6*s.*). Here an Austrian Count is found hanged in a lonely cottage with some crude figures drawn with black cosmetic across his shirt-front. Complications succeed one another so fast that at various moments you are prepared to suspect every character in the book. The case does not, perhaps, show the redoubtable Cleek at his best, but the mystery is sufficiently exciting to hold your interest until the end. R. S.

A Coburg Liaison

Madame Pauline Panam's curious book of memoirs ought to be a great success with the libraries just now, for it transports the reader into

(*Continued on page 408*)

DRYAD CANE FURNITURE
Invalid Chairs & Hospital Furniture in cane work. Light, comfortable and strongly made Chairs, with adjustable backs and leg rests, Bed Tables, Bed Rests, Wheeled Chairs, Carrying Chairs, etc.
Every care and attention given to work for special requirements.
Dryad Cane Furniture can be washed without injury.
Book of designs free on application to Y dept. Dryad Works, Leicester.

Wear your Wrist Watch in Safety.
Every Officer and Private needs a Wrist Watch to ensure accuracy in manœuvres, etc.—but there's always danger unless you wear your watch in the ARMY PROTECTOR—danger through the glint on the glass attracting bullets; dangers from splinters of breaking glass; and always great danger of smashing the watch.

The ARMY WRIST WATCH PROTECTOR
Gives perfect Safety to any Wrist Watch. Prevents breakage and keeps out dirt and grit.

The ARMY Wrist Watch Protector is a well-made metal Case which clasps under and over your wrist watch. A single movement opens it, and it automatically closes when released.
The Army Wrist Watch Protector (as illustrated) can be obtained to fit *any* wrist watch.
Nickel or Khaki Finish, 1/6; Leather Covered, 2/6; Rolled Gold, 3/6. Solid Silver from 6/6; Solid Gold from £3 3s.
Sold by Jewellers, Silversmiths, Cutlers, etc.
If unable to obtain from your own Jeweller, send stamps or postal orders direct to **Sales Manager—Waltham Buildings, 29, Church Street, Liverpool.**

For those who wish for a permanent record of Captain Bruce Bairnsfather's drawings, THE BYSTANDER has issued the first portion under the title of
"FRAGMENTS FROM FRANCE"
48 Pages. Price 1/- nett.
Post Free 1/3
1st, 2nd and 3rd Editions Absolutely Sold Out.
4th and 5th Editions now in the Press.
The Publisher, "The Bystander," Tallis House, London, E.C., or "The Graphic" Gallery, 190, Strand, London, W.C.

Shoolbred's

Smart Spring Suits

All the Season's newest styles, with our original effects and refinements.

THE MONTROSE, as illustrated, is a very smart well-tailored Coat and Skirt made in Covert Coating and Gab Suiting. The Coat has stand Collar and Waistcoat of Fancy Silk. Skirt with Box Pleats. In Navy, Black, and a range of shades **5** GNS.

TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, LONDON, W.

Perfection in Day & Night Wear

Both as regards the wearing quality of the material and the appearance presented, there is absolute satisfaction to be gained from

"Viyella"

(Regd. Trade Mark).

ALL-BRITISH

Shirts and Pyjamas

To the all-round service qualities of "Viyella" material—its comfort, health value, durability and unshrinkability—must be added its refined appearance, and the perfect cut and finish of the ready-made Shirts and Pyjamas. These (or made-to-measure garments if preferred) are obtainable in weights suited to the different seasons

"We got them at the same time—Why didn't I buy 'Viyella'?"

OF ALL HIGH-CLASS OUTFITTERS.

"Viyella" Shirts and Pyjamas can only be obtained through Outfitters; but name and address of establishment nearest or otherwise suitable to you will be forwarded by manufacturers upon request; also booklet "A Material Consideration," if desired.

Wm. Hollins & Co., Ltd. (Wholesale only), 3a, Viyella House, Newgate St., London, E.C.

A Rowe Suit

This Rowe Suit, with every detail complete and correct, in fine quality shrunk drill, carriage paid, **17/6**

These garments are sold by us direct from London (or from Gosport) and are stocked by numerous agents in Great Britain, the Colonies and the United States.

The Rowe Book, showing all these Sailor Garments, with prices, may be had on request.

Write to us for address of your nearest Agent.

AGENTS FOR ROWE SAILOR SUITS:

BIRMINGHAM— G. Fernie and Son, Ltd.
LIVERPOOL— George Hy. Lee & Co., Ltd.
EDINBURGH— Jenner's, Prince's Street.
MANCHESTER— Macbeths, Ltd., King St.
LEEDS— Marshall & Snelgrove.
NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE— Fenwick, Ltd.
SHEFFIELD—John Walsh, Ltd.

ROWE

78 HIGH STREET ~ 106 NEW BOND ST
GOSPORT ~ LONDON W.

Eckford's

GIANT SWEET PEAS

The Charm of a Garden.

PREPARE now that your garden this year may be a perfect picture, full of glorious bloom and sweet perfume. Think of the summer and scent of Sweet Peas, and remember that Eckford's Sweet Peas are recognised by experts as the finest one can possibly grow. Below we give a list of our most popular Collections that will make your garden a veritable wealth of bloom right on until the Autumn.

Genuine Eckford Seeds can only be obtained direct from Wem. No agents are employed.

SPECIAL SWEET PEA COLLECTIONS FOR 1916.

EXHIBITOR'S 'D' COLLECTION
12 Splendid Waved Varieties, excellent for any purpose, fine for exhibition. 12 seeds of each.
Price **2/9**, post free for cash.

VILLA 'B' COLLECTION
24 Varieties. A splendid range of colour for garden effect and cutting. 50 seeds of each.
Price **5/6**, post free for cash.

VILLA 'A' COLLECTION
50 Splendid Varieties, 25 seeds of each, exquisite for garden effect and cutting. All free flowering and strong. A fine range of colour.
Price **10/-**, post free for cash.

EXHIBITOR'S 'C' COLLECTION
24 Splendid Waved Varieties, excellent for any purpose, fine for exhibition. 12 seeds of each.
Price **5/6**, post free for cash.

We also send a specially written Booklet on the Culture of Sweet Peas FREE with each Collection.

FREE Send a Post-Card to-day for large Illustrated Catalogue. It gives all particulars of the NEW SWEET PEAS for 1916, and contains a full list of ALL FLOWER and VEGETABLE SEEDS necessary for your garden.

HENRY ECKFORD, F.R.H.S., SEED GROWER AND SPECIALIST.

Dept. 79, WEM, SHROPSHIRE.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK (concluded from page 406)

another world than ours—that of more than a hundred years ago—and gives us pictures of French life and of a small German Court which recreate things of the past with admirable vivacity. As to the absolute veracity of *A German Prince and His Victim* (John Long: 12*s.* 6*d.* net) there is no reason why it should be doubted except that the seduction of a young Greek beauty in Paris by Ernst, Duke of Coburg, is told in all too melodramatic a manner, and with a slight disregard for dates. Possibly the book is intended to be a success of scandal. But from that point of view it does not interest me, as the Royal misdeeds which were done a few generations ago have all been exploited to the ultimate degree, even more freely than in this particular case.

MR. CHARLES F. HIGHAM

Editor of "The Cinegoer," a new paper for patrons of the Picture Theatres, the first number of which appeared on Saturday last

A Worldling Grown Wise

But the charm of the book is not to be found in the wicked stupidity of Duke Ernst nor the utter folly, sadness, and suffering of the beautiful girl who became his victim, eventually marrying the gracious Prince * * * (the asterisks in the book are rather trying), and living happily ever after, but upon the gay little biographical sketches of minor characters. Of these none is more engaging than that of a famous worldling grown old, but not too old to admire greatly, and nobly assist beauty in distress—the accomplished and kind Prince de Ligne. This gay and brilliant man, marshal, diplomatist, man of letters, met Pauline Panam in the Prater, and calls her "commanding in movement, abounding with noble grace, light, majestic. . . ." This was after some of her most awful trials in Germany and during some others by no means slight in character.

Skilful Character Drawing

But Madame Panam and the Prince de Ligne had both known sorrow, and were capable of pure friendship. His society made her known to many other charming people, all of whom are sketched in these crowded pages with considerable skill. It is only the melodrama, of which we already have too much in life, that may try the reader a little. For the rest, as a sidelight on life as it was lived in European centres in the very early nineteenth century, the volume is delightful reading, and also of no small historical value. E. M.

'Double-value' Frocks

Frocks which can be cleaned or dyed to serve another season, give "double-value"—and almost *any* Frock can be made to look as good as new if cleaned or dyed in the "Achille Serre Way."

It costs but a few shillings to have a frock cleaned by Achille Serre (recommended by the leading Ladies' papers). Write for Price List and address of nearest Branch or Agent.

Achille Serre Ltd.

Head Office:
Hackney Wick, London

Branches & Agencies Everywhere

D29

Think ahead!

Reduce Boot Bills!

It will take more than the few pence you "save" on cheap, injurious polishes to help you replace the boots and shoes that such polishes ruin long before their time.

"*MELTONIAN CREAM*" pays for itself over and over again in *boots saved*—even *cheap* boots. "Meltonian Cream" will make your boots look better and feel easier all the time. Only the finest leather preserving and polishing materials are ever used in

Meltonian Cream

For Brown Leather use LUTETIAN CREAM —light, dark, or extra dark (toney red). Unequalled for Sam Browne Belts, Leggings, etc.

If any difficulty send card for nearest retailer's address to—

E. BROWN & SON, Ltd., 7, Carrick St., London.

Ivelcon has the rich savoury flavour of prime meadow-fed beef and fresh garden vegetables. No other beef beverage can equal the Ivelcon flavour or the Ivelcon nutriment.

IVELCON

6 cubes, 6d.; 12 cubes, 1/-; 50 cubes, 3/6

Trial Bottle. 6d.

FOR GREY HAIR SEEGEROL

Tints grey or faded hair any natural shade desired. Permanent, washable. Contains no lead, mercury, sulphur. Medical certificate accompanies each bottle. Trial bottle 6d., large size 2/- post free, secretly packed. Chemists, Stores, Hairdressers, everywhere or direct. HINDES LTD., 15, Tabernacle Street, London, E.C.

LOVELY EYELASHES

should surround beautiful eyes. Do you care for yours? Send 1/- for advice, brush, and box of

CURLASH CREAM

a colourless eyelash food, to Dpt. B.Y., THE BALDWIN MFG. Co., 95, Wigmore St., London, W.

N.B.—Double size, 1/9.

For cleaning Silver, Electro Plate &c

Goddard's Plate Powder

Sold everywhere 6d 1/ 2/6 & 4/6.

GENTLEMEN—

I can give you BEST PRICES for your DISCARDED CLOTHES.

Lounge Suits, 6/- to 25/-. Trousers, 2/6 to 7/6.

Cash or estimate sent per return.

I pay all carriage charges.

FLINT'S, St. Martin's Lane, BIRMINGHAM.

Est. 1869. References, Lon. City & Mid. Bank

Hinde's

Drapers, Stores, Hairdressers, Everywhere. 6d. & 1/- the Box.

Hair Wavers.

"THE GRAPHIC"

Special Feature:

The Russian Advance on Erzerum.

Sixpence Weekly.

Office:

TALLIS HOUSE, WHITEFRIARS, E.C.

Paris Office: 35, Rue Lafayette.

Peter Robinson's

OXFORD STREET W

The New Taffeta COAT

AT PETER ROBINSON'S a special feature is being made just now of New Coats for the Spring. The Styles shown are particularly charming, while the prices are quite moderate. Here is one of the New Taffeta Coats.

The "TRIOMPHE"
(As Sketch)

Elegant Afternoon Coat in Taffeta Silk, in newest full shape, finished all round and on sleeves with a kilting of own Silk; lined to the waist with pretty Flowered Ninon; fastening with fancy ornament. In black, navy & nigger.

7½ Gns.

Peter Robinson, Ltd.

Piano *v.* Orchestra

THE NEED FOR A COUNTER-ATTACK

THE nineteenth century was *par excellence* the century of the pianoforte. To the mid-Victorian young lady it was as indispensable as smelling-salts; composers of genius like Chopin and Liszt wrote or transferred wonderful music for it; the mechanical technique of it improved out of all recognition. To-day it has penetrated every English home, and among the lower-classes, at any rate, it is notorious that a rise in wages is synonymous with the acquisition of a piano. Indeed, the contemporary amateur, especially of the less educated variety, is still a willing slave to its fascination.

❀ ❀

OF course, there has been, on the whole, a distinct gain to music in all this, for the piano has, literally, brought music (as well as a pianola) within reach of every home. Moreover, duet-playing is by no means the worst way of becoming familiar with a symphony, and few of us could bring *Meistersinger* to our remembrance by the sole perusal of a full score. But we are apt to forget the other side—or even that there is another side at all.

❀ ❀

TO begin with, the piano is out of tune, and being out of tune, it has spoilt our ear, and, consequently, to a large extent, our singing. At least, it is extremely difficult if that be not so, to explain why the decline of singing synchronises with the rise of the pianoforte. Secondly, the piano is the only instrument that cannot sustain a note, though we try to fake a sustained effect by the use of pedals, and that, again, is bad for the singing idea which, together with the rhythm idea, forms the basis of all music.

❀ ❀

EVERYBODY knows how far more sonorous a quartette of strings sounds than a piano, but few realise that the principal reason is because the instruments are really in tune, and anybody—especially so vile a pianist as the writer—knows how wretchedly disappointing it is to try and make the piano sing. Wherefore it is quite time that a counter-attack be organised by the orchestra against an instrument so all-conquering, and so obviously deficient from the purely æsthetic point of view. As a musical hewer of wood and drawer of water the piano is supremely, unapproachably useful, but as an ideal instrument for musical expression it is almost as outmoded as the organ. Pianists, please try and forgive!

FRANCIS TOYE

The Stage and Recruiting

LORD DERBY paid a great tribute to the theatrical and variety professions on Friday last, at a luncheon given at the Savoy Hotel in recognition of their services in connection with war work. "Nobody knows better than I do how much recruiting owes to the dramatic and variety professions. They were never appealed to in vain," said his lordship, in a letter regretting his absence from the luncheon. The gathering was promoted by Mr. Dennis Bradley, and the list of guests included the names of most of the shining lights of the stage.

"The Sub"

does not demand much, but he does like a decent cigarette. He tries most of the 1/- packets of 20 and then he strikes "Cavander's Army Club" at 9d. for 20, equally as good, equally as large, and he says "Gad; they're fine, I'm sticking to these." It would be impossible to compress more real pleasure into 20 cigarettes than is found in

CAVANDER'S

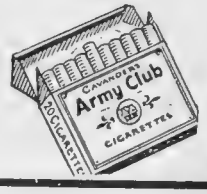
"Army Club"

CIGARETTES

20 for 9d.

Obtainable at all branches of
A. BAKER & Co., Ltd.

CAVANDER'S
261, High St., Glasgow.
The Firm of Three Centuries.
Established 1775.



"Gad! theyre fine"

Send for Booklet No. 10 with full details of the Carburetter that saves the Petrol Tax.
ZENITH CARBURETTER CO., LTD., 40-42, Newman Street W.
Telephone: Regent 4812-4813.

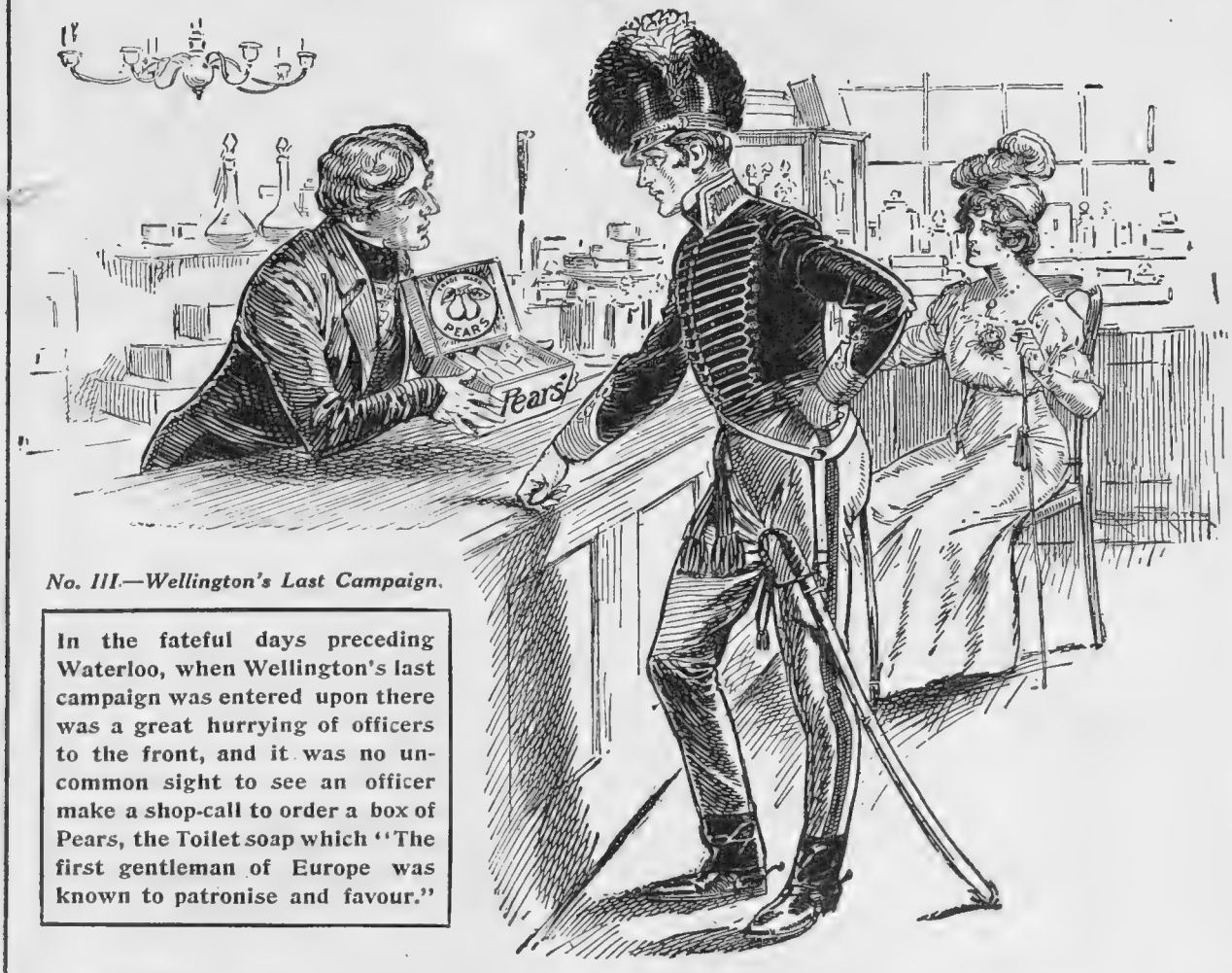
ZENITH

HIMROD'S ASTHMA CURE

HIMROD'S CURE FOR ASTHMA
Gives instant relief from Catarrh, Asthma, etc. The Standard Remedy for over 40 years.
At all chemists 4/3 a tin.

Links in Britain's Chain of War

(First Series)



No. III.—Wellington's Last Campaign.

In the fateful days preceding Waterloo, when Wellington's last campaign was entered upon there was a great hurrying of officers to the front, and it was no uncommon sight to see an officer make a shop-call to order a box of Pears, the Toilet soap which "The first gentleman of Europe was known to patronise and favour."

Pears' Soap

When Waterloo was fought, Pears had been 'the vogue' as a toilet soap for a quarter of a century. Then, as now, much of it found its way to the front, the only difference being that to-day, with the biggest war in history on hand, the service of Pears is greater than ever.

Nothing refreshes the skin so thoroughly as Pears. Just the soap to send to the Front.

Costs the Least and lasts the Longest

A beautiful coloured reproduction of "BUBBLES," a fac-simile of the world-famous picture by Sir John E. Millais, P.R.A., size 28 inches by 19 inches, free from any advertising, will be sent post free in U.K. on receipt of 1s. in stamps or postal order. (Abroad 2d. extra. Postal Orders only.)
A. & F. PEARS, LTD., 71-75, New Oxford Street, LONDON, W.C.

SOUTH-AFRICAN SNOW

This might be a Christmas postcard, save for the flood in the foreground. Actually it is a bit of Hout's Bay, one of the highest points in South Africa, and the watersplash is the result of melting snow. The Napier in the watersplash is the extra strong Colonial model, a first favourite with the car connoisseur in that Colony

Motoring and the Air. BY ALEX. J. M. GRAY

The Wages of Incompetence

WE are to gather from what the First Lord of the Admiralty has said, that Germany has ten years start of us in the matter of aerial equipment. Cheery souls, these political gentlemen and permanent department gentlemen who for a century or so have been paid £5,000 a year (or less) in order to ensure that, in material affairs of national security, we are not left behind. We are to be pleased to understand that the gentlemen responsible have not done the work for which the money has been paid. Well, this is a time when economies are represented as of the highest importance. Is it any use moving that we make a start by recovering some of the money paid to incompetent servants?

***

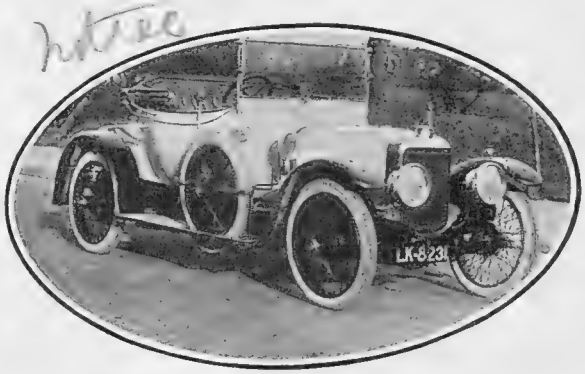
According to Jeremiah

WE may have always been too late in this war, but it is *not* true that in the matter of aeroplanes we are ten years behind. We are not three. And we can overtake that period of belatedness in a few months, directly we have galvanised our political pessimists into doing something more useful than beating their breasts, or directly we have shovelled them out of the way.

***

Official Impotence

THE main thing we have been suffering from in connection with aeronautics is the ossification of official imagination. They could not see the danger coming; and now it is here they cannot see a way of escape. They refused to consider the aeroplane seriously. They preferred to imagine a resolution at The Hague would prevent the use of the aeroplane except as an instrument of reconnaissance; and did not think it would be of much use even at that. And now they make a bad case worse by exaggeration. We need not worry so much about the Zeppelin (except to the extent of devising adequate means of attack upon and defence against it); but how long is it since the aeroplane became a machine of practical utility in war? If we had stood still since that moment we should not be ten years behind. If we had no aeroplanes at all we could not be ten years behind.



A SPECIAL STRAKER

Quite one of the best of all British cars, the 15-20 h.p. Straker-Squire, with a special speed model radiator

The Need of Men

COMPARATIVELY poor though our progress has been in the development of our aerial arm, we have made considerable progress. Starting to-day we can retrieve our position in a few months, not in the matter of Zeppelins, perhaps (I hold still to the view that they are comparatively unimportant), but certainly in the matter of aeroplanes. All we want is for the case to be handled by men who have not lost the sense of initiative, nor the power of organisation, nor the clarity of vision necessary to see an inch or two beyond the nose. These are of vastly greater importance in the equipment of those who must handle this proposition than a nicely polished parliamentary manner, or that faculty of impertinent indifference with which they endeavour to make up their deficiencies of knowledge and appreciation of the national need.

***

Things That Matter

HAVE you C.A.V. models F.S., G.S., E.S., or B.S. in lamps? If so, C.A.V. will send you perforated side-lamp discs to fit. Free.—The A.A. urge upon members the urgent necessity of driving with care past mounted men on the road, and in particular enjoin the avoidance of the practice of cutting-in in front of horses on the ground that it is dangerous. It is also of the cad, currish.

Take the daylight with you.—The C.A.V. Dynamo set for Light Cars, complete £22 5s., gives the motorist a clear right of way. Brochure post free.—C. A. VANDERVELL & Co., Ltd., Electrical Engineers, Acton, London, W.

THE 1916 8-CYLINDER CADILLAC IS THE SWEETEST RUNNING CAR IN THE WORLD.—For trial and further particulars write F. S. BENNETT, Ltd., 24-27, Orchard Street, Oxford Street, London, W. Telephone: Mayfair 2836.

CLAUDEL HOBSON Carburetters in the war area are giving consistently good service. In any area and under all circumstances they will give you service just as dependable.—H. M. HOBSON, Ltd., 29, Vauxhall Bridge Road, London, S.W.

THE
BYSTANDER
ILLUSTRATED

No. 639.—Vol. XLIX. Wednesday, March 1, 1916. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

Telephone: **HAMPTON & SONS** 37 GERRARD.

ESTATE AGENTS **AUCTIONEERS** **VALUERS**

PRICE VERY LOW.

HIGH GROUND. PERFECTLY RURAL.

Close to Puckeridge Kennels.

HERTFORDSHIRE.

FOR SALE (or might be LET), this attractive FREEHOLD HOUSE, with grounds of about 6 acres: very fine lounge hall with open beam roof, billiard room, 3 reception rooms, 9 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, etc.

ELECTRIC LIGHT. HEATED BY RADIATORS.
WATER FROM ARTESIAN WELL.

Stabling for 4, garage. Well-laid-out gardens and grounds.
Land tax redeemed.
Sole Agents, HAMPTON and SONS, 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

BEAUTIFULLY MATURED GROUNDS.

THE SUNNIEST SPOT ON THE
SOUTH DEVON COAST.
FAVOURITE RESIDENTIAL AND SPORTING COUNTRY.

TO BE LET, UNFURNISHED, OR SOLD, this charming old-fashioned COUNTRY HOUSE, containing: 9 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, 3 reception rooms, good hall, and offices.

COMPANY'S WATER. MAIN DRAINS. RADIATORS.

Stabling for 3, coach-house, etc.

WELL-TIMBERED GROUNDS,
lawns, kitchen and fruit gardens.

Full details of HAMPTON and SONS, 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

INSPECTED AND RECOMMENDED.

WITH OR WITHOUT FURNITURE.

ISLE OF WIGHT.

BETWEEN RYDE AND COWES.

TO BE SOLD.—This choice old-fashioned HOUSE, WITH EXTENSIVE FORESHORE RIGHTS: 8 or 9 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, 2 reception rooms; electric light; telephone: Company's water; garage. Large boathouse. Nicely laid-out grounds of OVER 2 ACRES.

Full particulars of HAMPTON and SONS, 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

CLOSE TO GOLF COURSE.

RENT £90 PER ANNUM. MODERATE PREMIUM.

HERTFORDSHIRE.

IN A BEAUTIFUL POSITION ON A CHARMING OLD VILLAGE GREEN. EASY ACCESS OF TOWN.

TO BE LET, UNFURNISHED, this delightful old-fashioned RESIDENCE, containing: hall, 3 reception rooms, excellent offices, 7 bed and dressing rooms.

LOVELY OLD GARDEN.

Illustrated particulars of the Agents, HAMPTON and SONS, 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

Estate Offices: 3, COCKSPUR STREET, PALL MALL, S.W. *Branch Office at Wimbledon.*

TELEGRAMS: "Galleries, London." TELEPHONES: 1942 Gerrard (3 lines)

KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY

Offices: 20, HANOVER SQUARE, LONDON, W., and 100, Princes Street, Edinburgh.

Also New York, Winnipeg, Sydney, Victoria (B.C.) and Buenos Ayres.

NEAR L. AND N. W. R. MAIN LINE JUNCTION.
70 MINUTES FROM LONDON.

TO BE SOLD, the above modernised and enlarged FARMHOUSE, in perfect condition, with panelled and beamed lounge hall and old oak staircase: 4 reception rooms, 11 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, etc.; electric light, central heating, telephone; modern drainage; 10 loose boxes, large garage, men's rooms; entrance lodge; unusually charming grounds, productive garden; golf links 11 miles.—KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Sq., W. (7,678)

ABOUT 1½ HOURS FROM TOWN.
FOR SALE, A FREEHOLD PROPERTY OF OVER 500 ACRES.

PICTURESQUE OLD MANOR HOUSE with stone roof, part dating from twelfth or thirteenth century; carriage drive 400 yards in length; fine views; all modern conveniences, electric light and central heating; oak-panelling and beams: 13 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms; stabling and garage; 2 farms, 13 cottages. Charming old pleasure grounds, old fishpond, etc.; good shooting.—Particulars of KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W. (8,473)

IN THE FAVOURITE HINDHEAD DISTRICT.
2 MILES FROM A STATION.

£1,700 IS REQUIRED for this picturesque old-fashioned HOUSE, standing about 400ft. above sea level, and containing: lounge hall, drawing room, dining room, kitchen, small room, 5 bedrooms, dressing room, and bathroom; electric light and Company's water. Pretty garden of ½ an acre. 999 years' lease. Ground Rent £10.—Further particulars of KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W. (8,522)

NEAR LEITH HILL. BETWEEN DORKING AND HORSHAM.
GENUINE OLD JACOBEAN RESIDENCE.

TO BE SOLD, a genuine old RESIDENCE (greater part 300 years old), situated 350ft above sea level, amidst beautiful scenery, overlooking a green: oak-panelled hall, oak-panelled dining room, drawing room, 7 bedrooms, bathroom; electric light, motor-house; stabling for 3, carriage drive, cottage; nicely laid-out grounds, including tennis lawn, pond, well-stocked kitchen garden and pasture-land, in all about 31 acres.—Further particulars of KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Sq., W. (7,647)

SUSSEX.
CONVENIENT FOR TOWN YET WELL IN THE COUNTRY.
HUNTING AND GOLF IN DISTRICT.

FOR SALE, a modern HOUSE in the old style, standing well back from road: lounge hall, 3 reception, bath, 12 bedrooms; stabling, cottage.
14 ACRES OF GARDENS AND GRASS-LAND.
—KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square. W. (7,942)

WINCHESTER (9 miles from; 4 miles from 2 stations).—For SALE, with either 65 or 18 ACRES, the above genuine
EARLY GEORGIAN COUNTRY HOUSE,
standing in miniature park 265ft. above sea: 13 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, 4 reception rooms. The House is celebrated for its oak panelling and fine mantelpieces; old English gardens with clipped yews, 2 kitchen gardens, orchards and paddocks; modern stabling, garage, men's rooms; 5 cottages, 2 small farmhouses, dairy and laundry. Reduced price. Payment can be deferred until termination of the war.—KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square. W. (8,343)

GODALMING DISTRICT.

TO BE SOLD OR LET, FURNISHED, with 35 ACRES, PICTURESQUE HALF-TIMBERED RESIDENCE, 450ft. above sea level on gravel soil, with fine views: lounge hall, 3 reception rooms and billiard room, 17 bed and dressing rooms, and 3 bathrooms; stabling, garage, and a pair of cottages; electric light, central heating, Company's water; lovely undulating grounds.—Particulars of KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W. (5,328)

IN THE ASCOT DISTRICT.
WITHIN 5 MINUTES FROM GOLF LINKS.

TO BE SOLD, an attractive RESIDENCE, facing South, and containing: 3 reception rooms, 6 bedrooms, bathroom, etc.; several of the rooms contain oak panelling and oak beams.
GAS AND COMPANY'S WATER LAID ON. GARAGE.
Picturesque well-timbered grounds of 2¾ acres, with tennis court, shady ornamental flower gardens and excellent fruit gardens.—Full particulars of KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W. (8,420)

WILSON & GRAY

Telephones: Mayfair 5701 and 5702.
Telegrams: "Wilsogra, Audley, London."

LONDON and YEOVIL.

14, Mount Street, Grosvenor Square, W.

The Oldest Established and Principal Agency for
TUDOR, ELIZABETHAN and OLD-FASHIONED PROPERTIES
of interest for SALE or for LETTING, Furnished or Unfurnished, where owners and applicants can obtain expert and reliable information and advice.
Enquiries to 14, Mount Street, W.

ARCHITECTURAL DEPARTMENT.
WILSON AND GRAY have now transferred their above Department to
No. 56, BROOK STREET, GROSVENOR SQUARE, W.
Telephone: Mayfair 1321.
The renovation, restoration, enlargement, etc., to old-world Properties, together with the reproduction of same, are a few of the special features dealt with, and all enquiries respecting such matters should now be addressed as above.

By order of Lieut. Sir Philip Sassoon, Bart, M.P.

TRENT PARK, HERTS.

A short distance from New Barnet Station and within 45 minutes motor run from Town.

TO BE LET, FURNISHED, FOR 12 MONTHS OR LESS.

THE BEAUTIFULLY FURNISHED MANSION is surrounded by superb gardens and park of about 500 acres. The Residence contains some 30 bedrooms, 10 bathrooms, extensive suite of reception rooms, etc.; electric light, lift, telephones, radiators, and every conceivable modern comfort is installed. THE GROUNDS CONTAIN THE WELL-KNOWN MATCH LAWN TENNIS COURTS, large lake, Japanese water gardens, flower gardens in profusion, extensive fruit and vegetable gardens, range of glass, etc., etc. Ample accommodation for horses, motors, etc.; also 10 furnished rooms for visiting chauffeurs. Very highly recommended by the Sole Agents, Messrs. WILSON and GRAY, 14, Mount Street, Grosvenor Square, London, W.

SUSSEX.
Amidst the South Downs, 2 miles from the sea.

£125, UNFURNISHED, or would be SOLD.
A GENUINE OLD MANOR HOUSE, DATING FROM 1296.
PERFECTLY PRESERVED AND FULL OF MAGNIFICENT OLD OAK WORK.
Beautiful old banquetting hall with minstrels gallery, dining room, study, ample domestic offices, 5 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms; cottage; acetylene gas; Company's water; modern sanitation; delightful old-world gardens; woodland and grass of 13 acres.—Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 14, Mount St., London, W. Inspected and recommended.

SUSSEX.
In a favourite part close to GOODWOOD; about 1½ hours from London.

£175 PER ANNUM, UNFURNISHED, with premium for improvements (land let off reducing the rent to £140).
CHARMING OLD-FASHIONED HOUSE WITH WELL-TIMBERED GROUNDS and PARK-LANDS OF ABOUT 50 ACRES.
10 bedrooms, bathroom, 3 reception rooms; acetylene gas; telephone; stabling for 5, garage, men's rooms, etc.—Inspected and recommended by the Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 14, Mount St., W.

COUNTRY HOUSES TO BE LET
FOR
THE SUMMER MONTHS AND OTHER PERIODS.
WILSON and GRAY have now revised their Registers for this year, and will send details of Properties on receipt of applicants' requirements.

FOR SALE, OR WOULD BE LET, FURNISHED OR UNFURNISHED.
GENUINE OLD JACOBEAN HOUSE AND 183 ACRES.

1½ HOURS FROM LONDON. Gravel soil.
THE INTERESTING OLD HOUSE, with original staircase, mullioned windows, oak beams, open fireplaces, etc., contains: lounge hall (22ft. square), dining room, drawing room, 9 bedrooms and bathroom; petrol gas: new drainage; cottages. (Possession of Farm at Michaelmas.)—Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 14, Mount Street, W.

125 ACRES. £3,150.
HANTS (between Newbury and Andover, high; gravel soil; South aspect),
A SMALL GEORGIAN MANOR HOUSE.
Large hall, 3 reception rooms, 6 bedrooms, bathroom; stabling for 3, garage; charming gardens and pleasure farm.—Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 14, Mount Street, W.

IN A QUIET AND SUNNY POSITION. Overlooking well-kept gardens.
£350 PER ANNUM. STRONGLY RECOMMENDED.
HANS PLACE, S.W.—Delightfully-arranged HOUSE, *recently decorated throughout and brought up to date at great expense.* To be LET, Unfurnished, at this REMARKABLY LOW RENTAL. It is a COUNTRY STYLE type of House with many very attractive features, including fine oak panelling, and can be strongly recommended: 9 bedrooms, 2 splendid bathrooms, 4 beautiful reception rooms, delightful lounge hall; light tiled basement offices. Lease 8 years. Premium £100. —Sole Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 14, Mount Street, W.

ADJOINING FAMOUS GOLF LINKS.
½ an hour from London by fast trains.

FOR SALE, OR TO BE LET, FURNISHED OR UNFURNISHED.—A charming modern HOUSE, standing high on sandy soil with magnificent views: 10 bedrooms, 4 bathrooms, 4 reception rooms, billiard room; stabling, garage; 2 cottages; beautiful grounds of 7½ acres; electric light, telephone.—Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 14, Mount Street, W.

CORNISH RIVIERA.—Superb position, with extensive sea views. Close to Fowey.

TO BE LET, FURNISHED, for summer or by the year. Handsomely Furnished COUNTRY HOUSE, surrounded by unique pleasure grounds and park-like lands, and approached by long carriage drive: fine hall, 5 reception rooms, complete offices, 22 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms; stabling, garage, etc.—Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 14, Mount Street, W. Inspected and recommended.

BUCKS, GERRARDS CROSS.
½ hour from London.

£3,500 FREEHOLD, or to LET, Furnished or Unfurnished.—A delightful old HOUSE in the Tudor style, containing: lounge hall (20ft. by 18ft.), 4 reception rooms, 5-6 bedrooms, bathroom, old-world gardens of about an acre; electric light.—Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 14, Mount Street, W.

SOUTH COAST.
A mile from the sea. About 2 hours' rail from London. Gravel soil. Close to safe yacht anchorage.

FOR SALE, or would be LET, Unfurnished, A CHARMING OLD GEORGIAN HOUSE, WITH PERFECT OLD GARDENS, MINIATURE PARK, ETC., OF 86 ACRES. Panelled lounge hall, 4 reception rooms, 13 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms; stabling, garage; 2 lodges; home farm; cottages; electric light.—Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 14, Mount Street, W.

Telegrams: "Everything, London." **HARRODS (LTD.)** Telephones: Western 1 (60 lines). Byfleet 149.

ESTATE AGENTS BROMPTON ROAD, S.W.; and Byfleet. AUCTIONEERS

"GREYSTONES," PINNER.

AN EXCEPTIONALLY ATTRACTIVE FREEHOLD MODERN RESIDENCE, containing: good hall, 3 reception rooms, 7 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom; good motor garage with separate entrance.

LARGE OAK-SHADED GARDEN,

with profusion of rose trees, lawn, paved terrace walk, etc., and detached kitchen garden, in all about 1 acre; 10 mins. from station, 25 mins. by fast trains to London.

HARRODS (LTD.) will SELL the above attractive PROPERTY by AUCTION on MARCH 14 next. Particulars of Messrs. RICHARDSON, SADLER, and CALLARD, Solicitors, 3, St. James's Street, S.W., and of the Auctioneers, as above.

HISTORICAL COUNTRY SEAT.

On gravel soil, in highest part of Northern Midlands, with express services to London and the North.

AN ORIGINAL ELIZABETHAN MANSION.—17 bed and dressing rooms, 2 baths, 5 reception rooms, billiard room.

AFFORDING EXCELLENT SPORTING FACILITIES.

TO BE LET, FURNISHED, FOR 1 YEAR.

—Inspected and strongly recommended by the Sole Agents, Messrs. HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (F 17,720)

Telegrams: "Merceral, London." **F. L. MERCER & CO.,** Telephone No. 1579 Regent.

7, SACKVILLE STREET, PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.

A SUSSEX BARGAIN.

BETWEEN HORSHAM AND PULBOROUGH (1½ miles from a station).—A HANDSOME GENUINE XVITH CENTURY RESIDENCE, Gothic windows, oak beams, inglenooks, full of old oak, stone built, Horsham stone roof: 3 reception, billiard, bath, 9 bedrooms; long drive, entrance lodge; main water, stabling, garage, farmery; beautiful pleasure grounds and

70 ACRES OF HEAVILY TIMBERED PARK-LANDS.

FREEHOLD, £4,250 (would be sold with 30 acres). —Strongly recommended from personal inspection by the Agents, F. L. MERCER and Co., as above.

KENT (midst beautiful country). — Genuine QUEEN ANNE RESIDENCE, containing some fine old oak, handsome carved staircase, hall, 3 reception rooms, 8 bedrooms, bathroom, etc.; main drainage, Co.'s water, heating, telephone; excellent stabling, garage.

BEAUTIFUL OLD-WORLD PLEASURE GROUNDS,

in all 5 acres; hunting, shooting, and golf.

PRICE, £3,250.

ONE OF THE MOST PERFECT ESTATES AVAILABLE.

A GENUINE WAR BARGAIN.

ONLY 45 MINUTES FROM LONDON.

BETWEEN SEVENOAKS AND TONBRIDGE (in a much sought after residential district; high up, lovely views).—The charming old-fashioned RESIDENCE stands in the centre of its

HEAVILY TIMBERED PARK OF 50 ACRES,

and contains: 4 handsome reception, 2 bathrooms, 10 bedrooms, servants' hall, etc; ELECTRIC LIGHT, MAIN WATER, telephone; replete with all modern conveniences.

BEAUTIFUL PLEASURE GROUNDS

with rose gardens, Dutch garden, sunk garden with lily pond, bulb garden, terraces, double tennis lawn, bowling green, woodland walks, lake, herbaceous borders, pergolas, kitchen garden, orchards, glass houses; stabling, garage, farmery; 2 cottages.

FREEHOLD, £6,000.

AN INCREDIBLE SACRIFICE

A GENUINE WAR BARGAIN.

WINCHESTER (near).—A charming COUNTRY HOME; 2 reception; winter garden; full-sized billiard room, bath, 5 bedrooms; stabling, garage; pretty bungalow; main water; gravel soil; beautiful gardens with double tennis lawn, croquet lawn, rose gardens, orchard, kitchen garden, in all about 3 ACRES. Freehold, £1,375.

A REMARKABLE BARGAIN.

BUCKS (on the hills between Tring and Chesham; 45 minutes from London). — An imposing Family RESIDENCE: lounge hall, 3 reception, billiard, bath, 10 bedrooms; perfect order; electric light, central heating; stabling, garage, 2 cottages; charming pleasure grounds and 35 ACRES of grass-land. Bargain, £2,750.

A TIMES BARGAIN.

BETWEEN NEWBURY AND ANDOVER.—A charming old GEORGIAN MANOR HOUSE: 3 reception, bath, 6 bedrooms; in perfect order; approached by a long carriage drive; pretty grounds; stabling, garage; extensive range of useful buildings of massive construction, and 125 ACRES of land. Bargain, £3,150.

ENORMOUS REDUCTION TO ENSURE SALE. HIGH UP. NEAR THE SUSSEX COAST. GRAVEL SOIL. BEAUTIFUL COUNTRY.

£1,800 WILL PURCHASE this delightful little RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY: lounge hall, 2 good reception, bath, 7 bed and dressing rooms; long drive; beautiful pleasure grounds, prolific orchards and pasture-land of

9 ACRES.

Stabling, garage, with man's rooms, cottage, farmery; or the whole estate of 15 ACRES, price £2,100.

QUAINT OLD JACOBEAN RESIDENCE. OAK BEAMS, CHIMNEY CORNERS, AND OTHER DISTINCTIVE FEATURES.

70 MINUTES FROM LONDON (midst charming rural country, in a good social and sporting district).—3 good reception, billiard, bath, 6 bedrooms; charming pleasure grounds with lawns and flower beds; stabling, garage; farmery and

27 ACRES OF PASTURE-LAND.

Bargain £2,100 Freehold, or would be let Furnished.

FREE

MONTHLY BARGAIN LIST OF

JELKS'

HIGH-GRADE

SECOND-HAND FURNITURE

Good as New — Yet Half Cost. Double the Wear of Cheap New Goods. For Cash or upon Easy Terms.

Critics of furniture are amazed at the apparently unlimited variety to be seen at Jelks, especially when the bargain prices are taken into consideration.

£50,000 Stock and 250,000 sq. ft. floor space.

If you cannot make a call of inspection to-day, write at once for the Free Monthly Bargain List.

W. JELKS & SONS
263, 265, 267, 269, 271, 273, 275,
HOLLOWAY ROAD,
LONDON, N.
DEPOSITORIES: 2 to 16, Eden Grove (adjoining).
'Phones: North 2598 & 2599.
Telegrams: "Jellico, London."

B. D. & Co.

GRACEFUL BLACK TAFFETA HAT, with beige moire crown, with bead ornament in front. **4** *GNS.*

Debenham & Freebody
Wigmore St., Cavendish Square, London, W.

BENETFINKS'

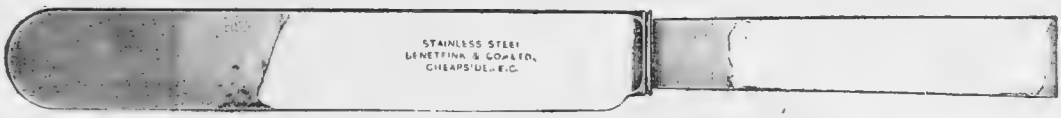
Perfection

"Stainless Steel" Cutlery

Cannot Stain, Always Bright and Clean.

For the Camp or the Mess.

This wonderful Cutlery which has proved itself of such value in domestic life is worth very much more to the Fighting Services. It merely requires to be washed in the ordinary way, remaining perfectly bright and clean, no matter what acids or stains the steel may come in contact with.



No. 571. Fitted with our Celebrated Ivorine Handles. Table Size **24/-**, Dessert **21/-** per dozen post free.
(Half-dozens at same rate. Special quotations for quantities.)

BENETFINK & CO., Ltd., Army Outfitters,
107, 108, 110, CHEAPSIDE, LONDON, E.C.

Wire "Benetfink, London." 'Phone: City 6656 (3 lines)

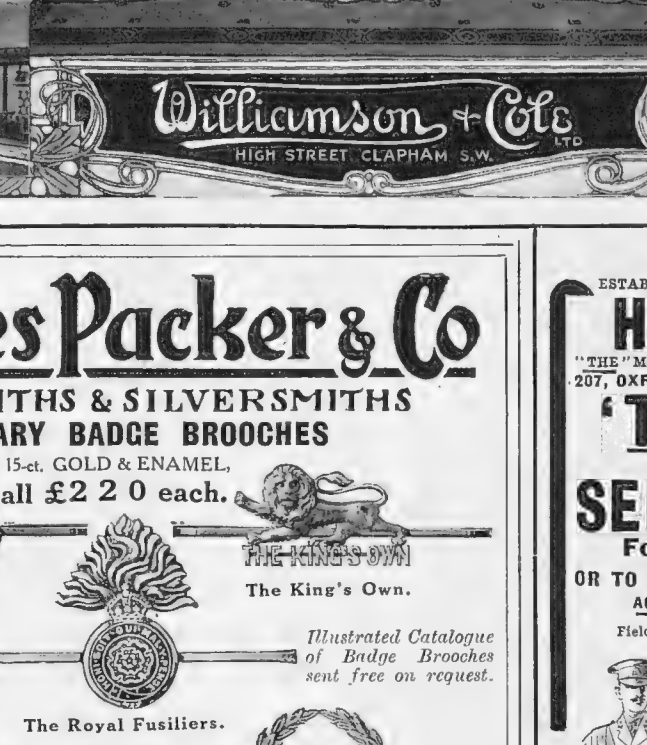
The Home Beautiful

ARTISTIC FURNISHINGS.
SPECIALISTS IN CURTAINS AND LOOSE COVERS.

"THE HOME BEAUTIFUL"—
A BOOK DEVOTED ENTIRELY TO ARTISTIC FURNISHING, PROFUSELY ILLUSTRATED IN COLOUR. GRATIS & POST FREE.

THE "MULGRAVE" CURTAIN.

THE "MULBERRY" CURTAIN



THE "MODINA" CHAIR WITH COVER COMPLETE

CRETONNES CASEMENTS

PLAIN & PRINTED CASEMENT CLOTHS From 6¾d.
CINGALEE CLOTH 10¾d.
(The Effect of Silk)
CRETONNES From 6¾d.
RICH TISSUES From 1/11½d.
THE "MULGRAVE" CURTAIN
Sundorian Rep (Unfadable)
3¼ Yds. 39/11 per pair.

Telephones :—
1829, 1830, 2128. Battersea

PATTERNS POST FREE

SPRING FABRICS FOR CURTAINS
50 IN. MATERIALS

BIJOU REP 1/8½d.
BOLTON SHEETING 1/8½d.
REP DE LUXE 2/11¾d.
SATIN CLOTH 3/11d.
SUNDORIAN REP (Unfadable) 3/6d.
THE "MULBERRY" CURTAIN
Sundorian Rep. Rich in Lustre
3¼ Yds. 33/6 per pair.

Telegrams—
"Greatly, London."

PATTERNS POST FREE

Williamson & Cole LTD
HIGH STREET CLAPHAM S.W.

Charles Packer & Co

GOLDSMITHS & SILVERSMITHS
MILITARY BADGE BROOCHES

15-ct. GOLD & ENAMEL,
all £2 2 0 each.

The Cameronians.

The King's Own.

All these Brooches are finely modelled in 15-ct. Gold.

Illustrated Catalogue of Badge Brooches sent free on request.

The Royal Fusiliers.

The Rifle Brigade.

The Gloucestershire Regiment.

Illustrations show actual size of Brooches.

Money returned in full if not approved

Badge of every regiment in stock.

Can be supplied by return.

The Royal Flying Corps.

BADGE OF ANY REGIMENT SUPPLIED AT £2 2 0 EACH.

The Somerset Light Infantry. The Middlesex Regiment.

Special Designs and Estimates submitted for Regimental Badge Brooches, set with Diamonds and other Gems, from £6 6 0 to £25 0 0

76 & 78 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.

ESTABLISHED 25 YEARS. 12 GOLD MEDALS.

HARRY HALL

"THE" Military & Mufti Tailor & Breeches Specialist.
207, OXFORD STREET, W., 149, CHEAPSIDE, E.C.

'THE' HOUSE
For OFFICERS'
SERVICE DRESS
For IMMEDIATE WEAR
OR TO ORDER IN 24 HOURS
ACCURACY & FIT GUARANTEED

Field Service JACKET from 63/-
SLACKS ,, 21/-
BREECHES ,, 25/-
GREATCOAT ,, 84/-
WARM COAT ,, 63/-
TRENCH COAT ,, 94/6
RAINCOAT ,, 55/-
PUTTEES ,, 6/6
LEGGINGS ,, 25/-

ESTIMATES FOR SERVICE DRESS AND EQUIPMENT

UNEQUALLED VALUE, FIT, & STYLE. FOR SERVICE DRESS and MUFTI.

The Ideal 'HALLZONE' Perfected TRENCH COAT. Guaranteed Wind and Waterproof. Interlined throughout with Oil Silk. From £4/14/6 MODEL COAT Carr. Paid. Chest measure over vest and height.

PATTERNS POST FREE.

MUFTI SUITS & OVERCOATS from 63/-
(As sold elsewhere from 4 & 5 Gns.)
Only Maker of 'HALLZONE' Ideal 'GOLD MEDAL'

21/- RIDING BREECHES
(Exact Materials as sold elsewhere for 2 & 3 Gns.)
Perfect Fit Guaranteed from Self-measurement Form.
VISITORS TO LONDON can leave measures for SUITS, SERVICE DRESS, BREECHES, &c., for future use, or order & fit same day.

The Major: Hullo, Dunlop! Glad I met you. I particularly wanted to ask you something. Is there a shortage of Dunlop tyres? I don't mean for the Army, of course, but for the private user.
Dunlop: No, why?
The Major: A friend of mine is wanting a Dunlop and the local agent says he's not got one and can't get one.
Dunlop: Some other firm has pushed a few sets on to him, I expect. We were rather pressed some time ago, but that is all over now.
The Major: Thanks, I'll tell my friend and no doubt he'll insist on having a Dunlop.
Dunlop: I should—it will pay him, and I am sure you will agree with me that one ought to support British firms if one can.

DUNLOP

RUBBER CO., LIMITED,

Founders of the Pneumatic Tyre Industry,
Aston Cross, Birmingham.
LONDON: 14, Regent St., S.W.
PARIS: 4, Rue du Colonel Moll.

Trade Mark

NOW

Try the True Parisian Café au Lait!

If you have neglected the opportunity so far, seize it *now!*

If only on the score of economy, *Milkmaid* Café au Lait should commend itself to you—for it needs neither milk nor sugar; it already contains them both. The simple addition of boiling water completes a beverage which, for deliciousness of flavour and power to invigorate and sustain, is equalled only by the actual Café au Lait as served on the Boulevards of Paris.

Decide *now* to try this exquisite beverage—they will thank you for it at home!

Milkmaid Café au Lait

"Leaves no 'grounds' for complaint."

Sold in tins by all Grocers and Stores. Cash price 6d. and 11½d. per tin.

Insist on "Milkmaid Café au Lait," and beware of ALL worthless Imitations.

Illustrated Booklet of Recipes post free

ANGLO-SWISS CONDENSED MILK CO.,
6-8, Eastcheap, London, E.C.
Contractors to the British Army & Navy.

RADIUM v. GREY HAIR

CAVENDISH "CARADIUM"
THE GREATEST SUCCESS OF THE AGE

NOT A DYE.

A genuine Radio-Active Lotion that will absolutely bring back the natural colour to grey and faded hair. Highly recommended by *Queen, Gentlewoman*, &c.

Price **7/10** post free.

RADIO-ACTIVE HAIR GROWER.

Unparalleled for producing abundant glossy hair.

Price 5/10 post free.

Army and Navy, Barker's, Harrod's, Selfridge's, or direct from HELEN CAVENDISH, Radio-Active Toilet Specialist, 120, New Bond Street.

WHAT TO DO FOR BAD FOOT TROUBLES.

How Soldiers cure foot misery caused by Callouses, Swelling, Blisters, Abrasions, Aching, Burning, Smarting, and Perspiring.

NO ONE NEED SUFFER TORTURE NOW

Most foot troubles are simply indications of injured tissue, but there is really no need of enduring these tortures a single moment. They can be instantly relieved and permanently cured by simply resting the feet for about ten minutes in a warm foot-bath containing a tablespoonful of ordinary Reudel Bath Saltrates. This softens even the hardest calloused skin so it comes right off at the touch and

by soothing the irritation of the feet, all pain is promptly stopped. The feet being the farthest points from the heart to which the blood must be pumped, foot troubles are usually due to shoe pressure and defective circulation in these extremities. By treating the feet as above directed you will stimulate the blood circulation, instantly relieve any painful congestion, clear out sebaceous matter from the clogged pores, render the skin active and healthy, prevent offensive odours and banish such foot troubles for all time. Most chemists keep the refined Reudel Bath Saltrates ready put up in convenient packets, one of which should prove more than sufficient to permanently end foot misery. The remarkable compound is solely of British preparation, and although the water it forms is quite similar in composition to that of famous natural springs, it is admitted to be far superior to any of them in its wonderful effects upon foot troubles. Try this refreshing foot-bath after coming in footsore from a long walk. You will soon feel like dancing with joy.—H.G.C.

BEAUTY THAT INSPIRES.

The kind of beauty that inspires admiration is a clear and healthy-looking skin, and the way to obtain it is the **OATINE** way. It possesses properties which enable it to get down into the pores and remove the dirt and grime embedded there. Remember that keeping the pores clean is the secret of a good complexion. Oatine is pleasant to use, and guaranteed to be absolutely pure. Get a jar to-day.

In White Jars, 1/1½ & 2/3.
Ask for—

Oatine FACE CREAM

GET IT AT YOUR CHEMISTS

Ladies Learn Driving.

1. The Courses embrace just WHAT LADIES NEED TO LEARN.
2. The FEES ARE the LOWEST in LONDON.
3. You continue to learn WITHOUT ANY EXTRA CHARGE until you are proficient and satisfied.
4. The largest Motor Instruction Works in the World, and situate in the heart of London.
5. Training for ROYAL AUTOMOBILE CLUB CERTIFICATES our speciality.
6. Licensed Employment Bureau FREE for all PUPILS who require same.

At the **BRITISH SCHOOL OF MOTORING, Limited.**
Call or write
B.S.M., 5, Coventry Street, Piccadilly Circus, W.

DORAKLEEN COMPLEXION Specialities

For Home Treatment

DORAKLEEN SKIN FOOD
is unique in its stimulating properties; it not only clears a bad skin of all impurities, but also beautifies and improves a good one. It removes freckles and sunburn, prevents lines, crowsfeet, and similar defects; and produces a smooth, soft and flawless skin. Prices **3/6, 6/6, 12/6,** and **21/-** the pot.

A GOOD FACE CREAM
A good Day Cream that contains no Glycerine, which is so injurious to the skin; this function is fulfilled by the **Crème Lilas,** which used under powder gives the lovely soft velvety look to the skin, so much desired by all women. Exposure to the head and cold does not affect it, and anyone who uses the Crème Lilas will not get 'shiny' or greasy. **2/-, 6/-** and **12/6.**

CRÈME CLÉOPÂTRE
for loose and flabby skins. A new astringent which strengthens and consolidates relaxed and flaccid tissues. The beauty of this preparation is that it may be used at any time that the skin looks relaxed, as it dries in and makes an excellent foundation for face powder. Prices **3/6, 7/6,** and **15/-.**

POINT NOIR PASTA
A valuable preparation for washing the face and keeping the skin free of impurities, and for removing blackheads of long standing. Price **2/6** and **5/-.**

POUDRE DORAKLEEN
A dainty complexion Powder which, although most adherent, does not clog the pores nor prevent the skin's healthy action. Price **4/6** and **8/6.** In all tints.

ROUGE EN CRÈME
The most charmingly natural preparation for face colouring. In fascinating boxes, **15/-** and **21/-.**

DORAKLEEN EYE LOTION
A Lotion which, when applied by means of compresses, restores clearness and brilliancy to the eyes, and has a tonic effect upon eyelids and eyebrows. Invaluable to lovers of outdoor sports. Price **4/-** and **6/-.**

HAIR DESTROYER
A depilatory which can be trusted to quickly remove a growth of hair on the face, without any injury to the skin. Price **6/6.**

DANDRUFF HAIR WASH
A speciality for the prevention and cure of dandruff, and for increasing and strengthening the growth of the hair. Price **6/-** and **12/-.**

DORAKLEEN HAIR TONIC
A valuable Hair Tonic, which renders the hair smooth and glossy and considerably promotes its growth. Price **4/-** the bottle.

BRILLIANTINE
A Brilliantine of exceptional purity and charm, which does not become thick or greasy. Price **5/-.**

NEW METHOD of ELECTROLYSIS
All letters and calls are only attended to by either of the Mlles Dorakleen.

BOOKLET POST FREE.

DORAKLEEN
Complexion Salons,
57, DAVIES ST., BERKELEY SQUARE,
'PHONE—MAYFAIR 4160.

St. IVEL CHEESE

LACTIC

Delicious and appetising; of a delicate creamy consistency, with a mild cheddar flavour.

NO ADVANCE IN PRICE.

6½d. each from Grocers and Dairymen

Fashion's Fancies

BY MRS. JACK MAY

However much we may deplore the necessity of having to spend money on clothes, the opening spring season of this second year of the war has laid bare the absolute necessity for fresh equipment, for there is now a ratified change of silhouette. And if we have perforce to re-equip our wardrobes, we may as well do so in a manner best calculated to please ourselves and our surroundings. And to arrive at quite satisfactory results we have no need to run into extravagance either of style or money, though details over which too much attention cannot be expended are sleeves and collars.

The Importance of the "Manche"

Sleeves of themselves provide a very feast of reflection, and a right decision is of infinite importance. For a sleeve can just now make or mar a dress. An especially charming effort has an epaulette top, and an extremely deep close-fitting cuff, the intervening space being filled in by an exceedingly full sleeve, shaped to fall in a deep bell. This is a favourite *manche* for *faille* or taffeta and chiffon. Or a delicious black *charmeuse* frock had the filmiest Chantilly substituted for chiffon, picking up a simulated petticoat suggestion of the same *dentelle* at the hem. At present the rumoured sleeve full-gathered at the top is not at all in conspicuous evidence. But, like the large hat, there is every good reason why it should come, since we are safely in for a period of fussiness and width.

TWO HARVEY NICHOLS HATS

Selected for illustration out of a number to be seen in the Salons of the well-known Knightsbridge and Sloane Street firm, and fully described in the adjacent column

SKETCHED BY DOROTHY MILLAR

Millinery of the Latest

Hats, so says that very reliable authority in the millinery section at Harvey Nichols', will be either quite small or of appreciable size, probably as the summer advances developing into regular cartwheels. At present the smaller shapes are distinctly more appropriate as the completing note of the simple tailor-mades, which constitute the leading outdoor attire. And out of an enchanting *galère* at Harvey Nichols' the upper one of the two pictured was selected. However admirable the sketch, that black-and-white medium cannot express one of the salient charms of the scheme, namely, the colour. This is the most delicate putty imaginable, the wings toned exactly to the aerophane that composes the shape. The latter might be likened to a cake tin with a *soufflé* of wings, no less than fifteen of the latter being used, posed to stand up in porcupine manner.

A Clever Design

Then below it there is displayed one of the newest and most seductive large hats imaginable. The chief component part of this is corbeau silk, powdered with little embroidered floral posies, in rather strong, what would, doubtless, be termed Futurist colourings, the encircling wreath of roses, forget-me-nots, anemones, and velvet foliage corresponding. Beneath, however, a startling contrast is revealed in a *doublure* of the shade between cerise and magenta, the brim raised at the back on a spreading bow of the same velvet. From the picture it will be seen how the brim is foreshortened in front, a most becoming and sweeping line occurring at the side. In fact, this hat is as clever and happy a piece of millinery as any I have seen this season.

For ordinary everyday wear there are also to be found in these *salons* some mixed straw shapes, in such artistic alliances as Nattier blue and mauve, with plain Tagal under-brim, to which is matched the ribbon encircling the crown. These hats, which have that thoroughly good appearance that never fails to find appreciation, are very moderately priced at 29*s.* 6*d.* There is a

(*Continued on page* x)

FASHION'S FANCIES (concluded from page ix)

jolly cosy little shape of the palest lavender chrysanthemum straw, with *lame* of *beige* Tagal, to which is toned a narrow ribbon, a wee *picot* of hand-made satin flowers completing the prettiest possible fancy, and again uncommonly cheap at 25*s.* 9*d.*; while at 18*s.* 11*d.* there is being shown here a novelty in *suède* caps, the *suède* neatly and cleverly gauged. In a dull shade of green, trimmed with a rosy *suède* apple and touch of foliage, this makes a supremely fetching piece of sports headgear.

The All-Important Coiffure

Throughout the whole range of dress nothing plays so vastly important a part as hairdressing, and one of the most extraordinary feminine attributes is the manner in which each new vogue, as it comes along, is assimilated and made to present the one and only desirable aspect.

Now, as goes without saying, fictitious aids to carry out the desired effects have been so perfected of late years that there are very few women who do not prefer the addition of some deftly arranged *toupet*, transformation, or coil to going to the trouble and inconvenience of waving, curling, and dressing their own natural tresses, and nowhere is there a better or more prolific choice to be found in all the latest and best approved styles of hair-dressing than at the Universal Hair Company, 84, Foxberry Road, Brockley, S.E. The business is magnificently organised, and not only is everything supplied guaranteed of the finest quality pure European hair, but the prices are kept at an extraordinarily low level. Really beautiful *toupets* start at 10*s.* 6*d.*, the extremely becoming and representative style illustrated costing 21*s.* 6*d.*, and the accompanying *pouf chignon* 10*s.* 9*d.*

UP-TO-DATE COIFFURE

A peculiarly beautiful example from among the many becoming and representative styles of hair-dressing carried out by the Universal Hair Company of 1, Berners Street, Oxford Street, W.

In these busy strenuous days the charm and comfort of one of these admirable *toupets* assumes a special significance, and the girl or woman who values an attractive appearance, no matter what her daily occupation may be, should most certainly contrive to spare a few minutes in which to consult the specialist in charge at Foxberry Road, or 1, Berners Street, Oxford Street, the West End branch of the Universal Hair Company. Failing the opportunity of a personal call at either of the company's depôts, an illustrated catalogue, showing the latest and most up-to-date *coiffures*, will be sent post free on application.

WHERE TO WINTER

MONTE CARLO

1915-1916

CASINO OPEN ALL THE YEAR ROUND

Afternoon and Evening Concerts, with Select Orchestras of over a Hundred Performers, under the direction of M. M. JEHIN, GANNE, and LAUWERYNS.

Special Opera Season, organised by M. GUNSBOURG, in March and April.

Important Ballets, supported by the leading Artistes from La Scala at Milan, and from the Russian Imperial Academies.

COSTUME AND FASHION'S CONGRESS, TENNIS, GOLF, ALPINE EXCURSIONS. VARIED AND CONTINUOUS ATTRACTIONS AND AMUSEMENTS.

RENOWNED THERMAL ESTABLISHMENT.

Every information from the "International Riviera Agency," 71, Regent Street, W.

TO REMOVE LINES AND CROWSFEET USE

Verdi's Crowsfeet Pasta

This unique preparation will be found a complete safeguard against crowsfeet, puffiness under the eyes, and sunken eyelids, and can be used with great benefit for lines and wrinkles. It is excellent for restoring brilliancy and freshness round the eyes and is highly recommended.

Price 2/6, 5/- & 10/6 per pot, from Mme. S. VERDI, 109, New Bond St., W.

Postage 4d. *extra.*

Stop that Cough

by the prompt and judicious use of

EVANS' *Pastilles*

The never failing remedy for all respiratory and bronchial troubles. They carry off all irritating matter, and render the voice clear.

Of all Chemists in 1/3 Boxes.

Sole Manufacturers:
Evans Sons Lescher & Webb, Ltd., Liverpool and London.

Blick

TYPEWRITERS

The machine with the 20 years reputation. You can learn to operate the Blick in half-an-hour. Write for List 141A and free home trial. Roman, italic, and script type, Greek, Hebrew, and Oriental characters can all be used on the same machine, changing instantly from one to the other. The Blick is compact, strong, durable, and extremely portable—weight 5 lbs.

THE BLICK CO. LTD., 9 & 10, Cheapside, London, E.C.

AN elegant and dainty rest-gown, draped in an ingenious manner with one fastening only on the left shoulder. Sleeves are cut to form cascade effect lined chiffon. A wide hem all round is finished by a new and original hand-stitching, and the neck finished with fur. Made in oriental and soft satin, also velveteen in all the newest shades.

Price **58/9**

The sketch faithfully depicts the gown.

LONDON CORSET CO. LTD.
11, HANOVER STREET, HANOVER SQUARE, W.

BY ROYAL WARRANT TO H.M. THE KING.

Time tests Quality

The high standard of quality originally set up by **LEA & PERRINS** for their famous sauce has been maintained for over 70 years. There are many so-called Worcestershire sauces, but there is only *one* Lea & Perrins.

The Original & Genuine Worcestershire.

Lea & Perrins

THE PAPER TO SEND TO FRIENDS ABROAD

is the

"SATURDAY WESTMINSTER"

The Penny Weekly Magazine-Review for the Thinking Man and Woman.

Send a Postcard for a Specimen Copy to

THE PUBLISHER,
TUDOR HOUSE, TUDOR STREET, E.C.

"Making sure of success"

with

Calvert's CARBOLIC Tooth Powder

THE MENU

DISHES FOR INVALIDS

Meat Essence

Two pounds of beef cut into small pieces and perfectly cleared of fat or skin. Put it into a jar without water. Tie it over with bladder and a piece of paper over it. Set it in a pan of cold water, and let it boil slowly for five or six hours, filling up the pan as the water boils away. Strain the liquor from the beef, set it aside to get cold, skin off any fat that may be on the top. One tablespoonful to be given at a time, either by itself or diluted, hot or cold.

Beef-Tea Jelly

Soak ½ oz. of gelatine in water. Heat up nearly a pint of strong beef-tea, or mix a small pot of bovril with three-quarters of a pint of hot water. Drain the gelatine, melt it in a small stewpan, and add to the beef-tea when quite dissolved. Strain into a wetted mould, and stand in a cool place till set.

Chicken Cream

Put a ¼ lb. of raw chicken or veal through the mincing-machine, and then pound it well in a basin, adding one egg and seasoning. Rub through a sieve, and then stir in the white of an egg and half a gill of cream, both of which must be stiffly whipped. Put into a buttered mould, and steam gently for three-quarters of an hour. Serve with white sauce.

Stewed Calf's Foot

Procure a prepared calf's foot from the butcher, joint it, and place it in a saucepan with enough milk and water to cover it, add an onion, a little celery, a small strip of lemon-peel, pepper, and salt. Cook gently till the meat is tender enough for the bone to be removed, place it on a dish and keep warm. Strain and thicken the liquor, pour over, and serve. Garnish with slices of lemon, and strew a little chopped parsley over the meat.

Barley Milk

Boil a ¼ lb. of patent barley in a pint of milk and half a pint of water for two hours, sweeten it with one dessert-spoonful of sugar, and serve it while it is just warm.

Prune Jelly

Wash 1 lb. of French plums, put them in a pan with one pint of water, a small piece of lemon-peel, and two cloves. Simmer gently until tender. Soak ½ oz. of gelatine in a teacup of cold water, and then dissolve with a little boiling water. When the plums are tender, strain through a colander into a basin, removing the stones, add the gelatine, and pour it into a wetted mould. A ¼ lb. of Demerara sugar must be stewed with the plums.

Baked Milk

Put a pint or more of milk into an earthenware jar, cover it closely, and let it bake very slowly for several hours in a moderately hot oven. It should be thick and creamy. This is very nourishing for invalids. Serve with fresh or stewed fruit.

Banana Pudding

Cream 2 oz. of butter and 2 oz. of sugar in a basin, and stir in one egg. Sift 2 oz. of flour, stir into it half a teaspoonful of baking-powder, add half of this to the above ingredients, and afterwards add the other half with another egg. When well mixed, stir in half a gill of milk, and lastly add two large bananas, previously peeled and cut into thin slices. Have ready a large greased mould, fill it three-quarters full of the mixture, and steam for rather more than an hour. Serve with sweet melted butter sauce poured round.

EMILIA

WRIGHT'S
Coal Tar
SOAP
is now known as the
Soldiers' Soap.
It
Soothes, Protects, Heals.

Box of Three Tablets, 1/-.